

Sixty  
Years'  
Memories  
of  
Art and  
Literature

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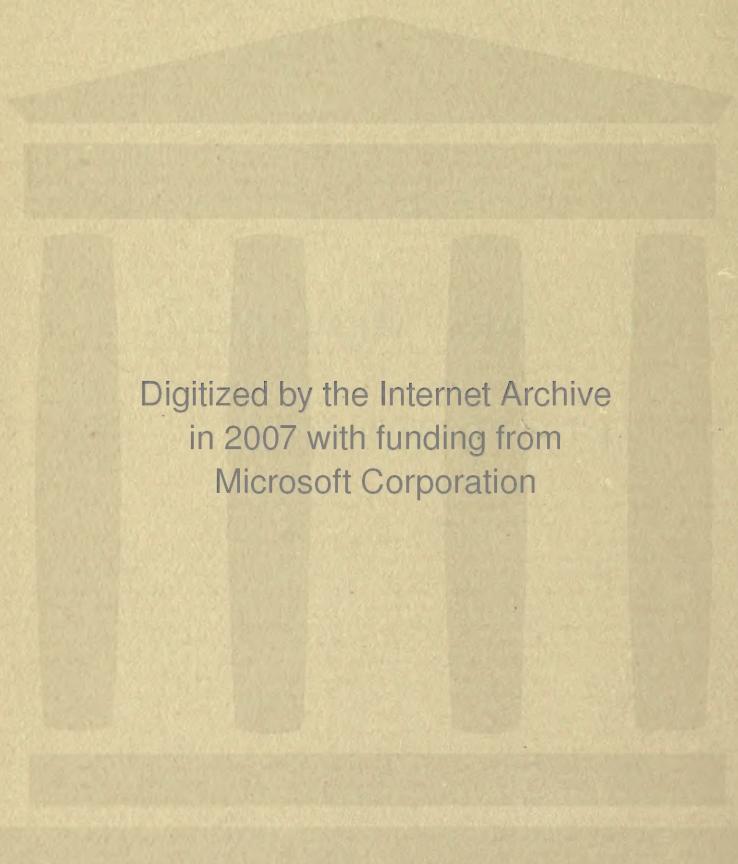
BENJ.  
CHAMPNEY

A. W. PARKER,  
WOBURN, MASS.



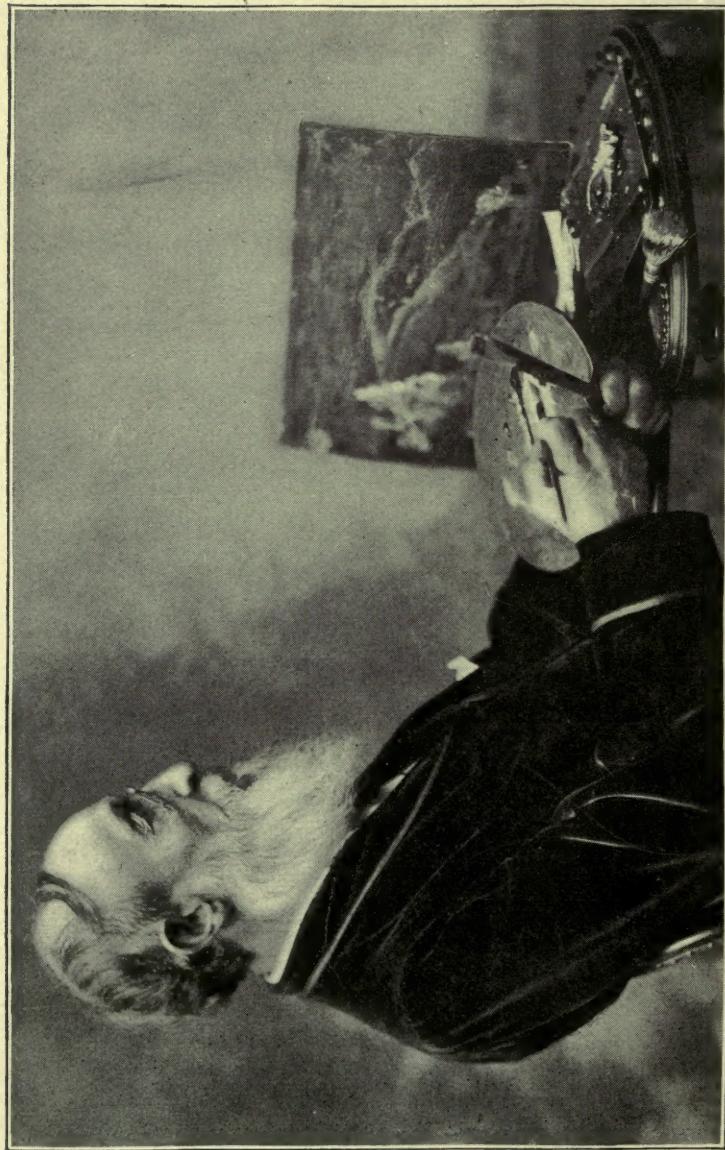


SIXTY YEARS' MEMORIES  
OF  
ART AND ARTISTS.



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BENJAMIN CHAMPNEY.

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*Sixty Years' Memories  
of  
Art and Artists.*

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*By BENJAMIN CHAMPNEY.*

*WOBURN, MASS.,  
MCM.*

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WOBURN, MASS.  
1900.

## **DEDICATION.**

I reverently dedicate this little volume of memories to the dear friends among the artists, who in my earlier life were my fellow students, good companions and earnest sympathizers in all my aspirations for development in art. Their encouragement was always a stimulus to renewed effort,—but, alas! they have fallen by the way, and I have now only the memory of their kindness and loving comradeship.



## PREFACE.

I have to apologize to the readers of this little book of "memories" for appearing before the public as a writer, for I have no claims to literary merit. My friends have urged me to this because they say I am one of the very few links remaining to connect the older generation of artists with the present schools, and they have thought what I might say of the long past and succeeding years might be of interest at the present time to students in art. Much of this story was written some six or seven years ago and put aside as of no value, but again I was urged to go on, and now have recorded my impressions and clear recollections of times past.

B. C.

Woburn, 1900.



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# SIXTY YEARS' MEMORIES OF ART AND ARTISTS.

## I.

I WAS born at New Ipswich, New Hampshire, November 20, 1817, my father, Benjamin Champney, a lawyer by profession, having resided there for many years, and where he was associated with my grandfather, Ebenezer Champney, in the transaction of law business. My father was unfortunate in business, and when he died, my mother—whose maiden name was Rebecca Brooks—was left with seven children to look after, and with little to depend upon.

I remember my father well as a kind, gentlemanly man, with scholarly tastes and urbane manners. I remember when I was about five years of age he took me on his lap one evening, and to amuse me drew upon a slate a head in profile of a man. Nothing could have amused or amazed me more than this. It seemed to me almost like magic, and awakened a dormant love for drawing unknown till then. At that time in a country place nothing in the way of art was to

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be seen; no illustrated books or engravings were to be had; scarcely a picture book for children, which condition would account for my astonishment at seeing my father's drawing.

A year or two later I did possess a spelling book in which were some illustrated fables, like — “The Sun and the Wind,” and “The Cock, the Cat and the Mouse.” These were wonderful to me, and I gazed at them with more delight than at my lesson. In the family sitting-room hung a mourning piece done in needlework, showing a lady drooping over a monument with a weeping willow beside it, the whole having a lugubrious aspect. A portrait in oil of my father completed the list of art surroundings. This portrait was painted by Greenwood, who went about southern New Hampshire and Massachusetts doing heads. This painting is in existence today, and, although rather flat, has many good points. Mr. Greenwood afterwards established himself in the old New England Museum, which stood on the corner of Court and Brattle streets, Boston.

My mother was a woman of courage and untiring devotion to her family, and succeeded in bringing up her children and giving them a fair education. I was taught to be “helpful,” and did a good deal of work, such as going for

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the cows, taking care of the garden, preparing firewood, running errands, etc. When I was ten years old, my mother's sister, Mrs. Louisa Bugbee, who lived in Lebanon, N. H., urged my mother to let me come and live with her—she had previously adopted a younger sister—and do a boy's work around the place. And so I was transferred by stage to that place, distant eighty miles, the journey occupying two days.

Here I found I must work. My uncle was a good, kind man, but he believed in work. After a time I was placed in a cotton factory owned by my uncle. I worked by myself in the picking-room, tending a picker, an insatiable machine requiring constant feeding. I took the cotton from the bales and pounded it with a club thus loosening it so that it could be placed in the jaws of the machine. This was not very hard work, but it was dull working all by myself, and the first few weeks I cried a good deal; but nobody saw the tears. I felt sorry that I could not go to school, but I soon got over my unrest, and sang and whistled at my work, and made rough drawings on the walls with chalk. I had read "The Scottish Chiefs," and my drawings were meant for representations of the book's heroes, Sir William Wallace, Robert Bruce and others.

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In the mill where I worked, but upstairs, was another boy, a year or two older than myself, whose name was William Wallace Smith Bliss, and we became great friends. He was a noble fellow—not cast in a common mould—with high aspirations and elevated tastes. I never knew a boy like him. He cared not for boyish fun. He interested and inspired me. His father had been an officer in the Army. He was fitted to go to West Point, and his admission was already secured. When he was fourteen years of age he began his cadet life. He was one of the most brilliant scholars who ever graduated at the famous Military Academy. He became Professor of Mathematics there, remaining some years. We always maintained the friendship begun thus early, I anxious to follow, and he willing to help me with books and good advice. During the Mexican war he held a prominent position as chief of Gen. Zachary Taylor's staff with the rank of colonel. He wrote Gen. Taylor's famous dispatches, and was admitted by his brother officers to be the best scholar in the army, at least, so I was assured some years afterwards by that brilliant officer, Gen. Caleb Cushing.

To go back to my life at Lebanon. During the winter months the district school flourished,

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and I attended. It continued twelve weeks. The schoolhouse was half a mile distant from our home, and we trudged back and forth through the snow with low shoes and no over-coats. Rubber was unknown, and boots were scarce and dear. It seems strange to me how we could have gone through so much hardship with impunity, but we did not mind it. The schoolhouse was crowded with boys and girls of all ages from five to eighteen years. I enjoyed it much, and was always sorry when the short season was over. The schoolhouse was heated by a huge stove, and the little boys and girls in the small seats in front were roasted, while the larger scholars at the back were nearly frozen. The master was usually an undergraduate of Hanover. He made our quill pens when the writing-hour came, and acted the tyrant at all times when he caught us whispering or doing aught against the rules. But the scholars were cute, and we had our fun in spite of him. We had all sorts of studies from ABC's up to Latin, but the principal ones were reading, writing, arithmetic and grammar. I think this way of teaching seemed to give greater independence of character and thought, and in general a healthier mental tone than the modern treadmill method. We had to think more for ourselves, and trust

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more to our own resources, which was for most of the pupils a good and fitting preparation for their future life. The humorous side of the district school has often been described, and I need not attempt it.

Among the scholars was a boy older than myself to whom I was attached. His name was Henry Kendrick, and many an interesting talk I had with him over the campaigns of Napoleon. He was afterwards graduated at West Point, and became Capt. Kendrick, but, I think, saw little service. He was a professor at West Point, but died when comparatively young. In the district schoolhouse we had declaiming and debating societies and spelling matches, and scenes from such plays as "Pizarro, or the Conquest of Peru," were enacted with astonishing effect.

Among the pleasantest and happiest hours I remember to have passed in my boyhood were those in company with my sister, Mary Jane. When left alone in the kitchen we had our stubs of pencils and scraps of paper, and there we scratched down whatever ideas came into our heads, for she, as well as myself, had a most ardent love for drawing, and much imagination, too. I think she would have succeeded as an artist had she lived to maturity. We were great friends, sympathetic in our tastes and reading

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and caring for the same books. The only thing that ever caused the slightest discord between us was that she was a Democrat espousing the election of Jackson to the presidency, while I was an earnest Whig, and thought Jackson a monster of infamy.

At fourteen years of age I returned to my mother's home in New Ipswich, having led in the main a happy life for four years at my uncle's. I was now anxious to fit myself for West Point, and went to the Appleton Academy much of the time for the next two years for that purpose, and sent my application, for an appointment, to the proper department. I had been promised through my friend, Capt. Bliss, the influence of Franklin Pierce to get me the appointment, but, probably, like many other congressmen, he made too many promises, and I was left out in the cold to my great disappointment. During this period I devoted all my spare time to drawing, but without method. I had no models nor anything in the way of art to inspire me, and I made little or no progress.

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### II.

WHEN I was sixteen an opportunity occurred for me to enter a store in Boston. Henry L. Daggett, a well-known shoe dealer, wanted a boy, and I left home for a fifty-mile ride in the stage coach for the great city. This was an event of great importance to me. This was in 1834, and Boston was then only a large and beautiful town with isolated houses and fine gardens about them, such as the Gardner Greene estate, which stood about opposite where the Athenæum is now. Summer street was lined on either side with many beautiful residences, with well-kept grounds, shaded with noble elms and horse chestnuts. It was a picturesque and lovely old town with enough of the city tone about it to satisfy a country boy. It is more stately now, but has nothing of its old-time quaintness.

Carrying home bundles for customers was one of my duties, and in this occupation I acquired a knowledge of the city from the farthest North End to the limits of Roxbury, as well as from its eastern to its western boundaries. The North End streets were then occupied by old and honorable families, and so were Franklin, Federal, Atkinson and High streets and Fort Hill. On Cambridge, Chambers, Allen, and Poplar streets

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were the residences of well-to-do citizens, and none of foreign birth. Tremont Row was not built, nor was there a Pemberton Square, but in its place there rose a high hill crowned with a summer house. I think the place belonged to the Gardner Greene estate. I saw the whole hill carted away, and carried down Summer street, to fill in the flats where now stands the Boston & Albany R. R. station. I saw the harbor frozen solidly over during more than one winter, when we could skate for miles to Fort Independence, and hundreds were frolicking there on pleasant days.

It happened that the back windows of the shop—204 Washington street—where I was employed, looked upon a little courtyard, and the place was occupied by the New England Bank Note Co., and by the Pendleton Lithographic Co. I longed to see something of the mysteries of the arts of engraving and printing, but I could find no excuse for trying to do so. One day I plucked up courage and entered the room where the copper-plate printers were at work, but an old Englishman—the head printer, named Campbell—repulsed me contemptuously. I afterwards knew him well, and found him a jolly, good-natured fellow. I saw the artists going to and fro, and envied them their happy lot. It

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came about that two of these envied mortals came to my boarding-house, and I soon became firm friends with them. Robert Cooke, the chief draughtsman, was my room-mate, and we were ever after especial friends. He encouraged me to draw, and gave me good instruction and advice. All of my spare time was given to practice.

After a time I left the shoe store, and, through the influence of my friend Cooke, was admitted as an apprentice to Moore, successor to Pendleton, in the lithographic business. Here I was speedily worked in as a draughtsman for ordinary commercial work, the fine work, such as designs of figures and heads from life being done by Cooke. F. H. Lane, afterwards well-known as a marine painter, did most of the views, hotels, etc. He was very accurate in his drawing, understood perspective and naval architecture perfectly, as well as the handling of vessels, and was a good, all-round draughtsman.

I was ambitious, however, and after a time got to be useful in a general way. Among others who came to try their hands at lithography was William Rimmer, who later became widely known as Dr. Rimmer, the sculptor and painter, one of the most original and daring of American artists, as some of his work preserved at the Art



THE AUTHOR AT THE AGE OF 17.

DRAWN BY ROBT. COOKE.



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Museum attests. He was a green young man of eighteen or twenty when I first knew him, but one could see that he had great mental capacity. His drawing was always full of energy, but not suited for commercial purposes. I think he did not stay more than a year with us, but he left an impression that he would one day make his mark in the world. He loved the Old Masters, and could then, as he did more perfectly later, indicate with a few strokes of his pencil the human figure in action. He could even then paint a head in a rough way, counterfeiting the Old Masters' tone and color. He always aimed at the grandiose in art. He must have studied engraving from Michael Angelo and Greek statues to have done what he did. Perhaps he secretly studied the casts from antique work he found in Boston then, for the Athenæum possessed some, and the plaster cast workers on School street had specimens too. Cicci & Gary was the name of the firm, I believe. At any rate he seemed to assimilate the grand qualities of this master, and use them to illustrate his own ideas. It was not, however, until some years after that he developed his great abilities. I always had the greatest respect for his fine, moral character, and wonderful attainments. Today his great genius is fully recognized, and he

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stands in the front rank of artists who have distinguished themselves in our country.

After my apprenticeship was over, I continued to work for the firm for another year, and then commenced on my own account, having taken a studio with my friend Cooke. There he began portrait painting, and from the first was successful. He had been drawing heads for several years, and seemed to have a strong, intuitive perception of character and feeling for the coloring of flesh. We worked on together for a year, hoarding the little we made, that we might go to Europe for study. In my leisure moments I practiced a little in colors, experimenting in landscapes, drawing from casts, etc. At this time there were few artists in Boston. Alvan Fisher and Thomas Doughty were painting landscapes; Salmon, marines; and Geo. L. Brown was exhibiting landscapes and marines painted in his early manner. Gerry & Burt had a place where they painted banners and signs on Cornhill at the foot of Washington street. They had a sign showing a Highlander with a slain deer in front. Both these artists were painting landscapes when possible. Harding was the principal portrait painter. Albert Hoit came to the city about this time, as did also Henry Willard. Joseph Ames was just beginning his work, as

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were also Thomas Ball, and George Fuller a little later. They were all struggling young men, experimenting as they could in colors, and looking up to Washington Allston as the great master, as indeed he was.

Allston lived in Cambridge and seemed to be trying to get courage for a final effort to finish his "Belshazzar's Feast." I met him sometimes at the old Athenæum Gallery in Pearl street. He was a venerable looking old gentleman, with silvery hair hanging upon his shoulders; a prominent, observing eye, and a kindly, benevolent expression. I followed him about the gallery to hear what he said to his companion about pictures, and I found his criticism always intelligent, but tempered with constant kindness. One could not but have respect and almost reverence for such a man. My admiration for his genius had been stimulated by studying a collection of his works exhibited at Harding's Gallery in School street in 1837 or 1838. Everything he had painted, that it was possible to get, had been grouped together here. And it was a wonderful display,—nothing flippant, but every work rich in color and low in tone. "The Dead Man, restored to life by touching the bones of Elisha," the famous "Jeremiah, with Scribe," "Saul and the Witch of Endor," "The Sisters,"

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"Miriam," and many classic landscapes, all were there, and to me a green youth it was a revelation, and helped me to appreciate the great masters of Italy at a later day.

To my mind no modern artist has shown more feeling for harmonious color than Allston. They may say what they will about the source from whence he drew his inspiration, but why do not others find and appreciate this source as well as he? What a pity he did not live to complete his "Belshazzar's Feast!" but even in its unfinished state some parts of it are almost equal to Titian in beauty of color. The portrait of Benjamin West, hanging in the Art Museum, shows how lovingly Allston treated a subject. The fine old head of the President of the Royal Academy is full of delicate expression, of benevolence and kindness of heart, and the color of the flesh is rich and soft without exaggeration. The subtle genius of the man shines through all his works, and one feels a reserved power in them all. It is the fashion to run after new things, new fads, and in the meantime Allston is almost forgotten.

When my friend Cooke and myself had got together a few hundred dollars we determined to start for Paris. I had made an essay of a little landscape which some of my friends praised,

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and I determined to submit it to Allston, and get his advice as to what to do. Therefore I took it with some other little things, and, with my friend Robert, set out for Cambridge. We were received in the kindest manner by the venerable artist. He was very gracious and encouraging in his criticism. He advised us by all means to go to Paris, thinking it the best place for study. We left him, well pleased with our visit, and carrying away with us a delightful impression of the man.

III.

WE sailed from New York on the 1st of May, 1841, on one of the sailing ships of the New York and Havre line. We had a pleasant voyage, and found many nice people on board, of many nationalities—French, German, Dutch and others—and made some friends among them. Of these acquaintances, I would mention one, who was afterward a true friend and most sincere adviser. His name was Huber. He was an Alsatian by birth, a musician by profession, and a most thorough one too. He was prominent in Paris as master of the violoncello. He gave us good advice as to where to go, and what to do upon arriving in a strange foreign city, with hardly any knowlege of the language. During the pleasant weather of the voyage he essayed to improve my French of which there was so much need.

Havre was a strange place to us, and our impressions were but vague as we at once took the Diligence for Paris by way of Rouen, that picturesque, grey old town on the Seine. We got to Paris after a tedious ride, and put up at the Hotel Bergère Cité Bergère, the landlord being a good friend of Huber's. I was ill for a few days and not able to go out much, but the

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good landlady was kindness itself, and advised us not to drink the water, as it was bad for strangers, and this I found to be true.

And now to get settled and begin our house-keeping, and artistic studies. It happened that Mr. Stephen A. Schoff, well-known since as one of the most eminent engravers of the country, was studying in Paris, and, as we had known him at home, we made use of his knowledge and experience to help us, and so after many days' search we came upon a studio with rooms connected in the Rue de Lille, Faubourg St. Germain. An amateur painter, Mr. S. B. Foster, had come over with us, and he shared our house-keeping arrangements. We had a letter to Mr. G. P. A. Healey, our townsman, who was then well and prosperously established in Paris. He received us with great kindness, and with his practical mind immediately placed us in the way of beginning our studies. There was, he told us, an atelier, for drawing and painting from life, kept by an old model named Boudin, where for a few francs a month we could practice from the nude. We immediately followed his suggestion.

We found in the Boudin atelier, twenty or thirty young men at work with more or less success, some making very good work indeed. We took our places among them. It was a very

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awkward thing for us to make our début among these fun-making, practical-joking students, for they have the reputation of doing rather uncanny things, at times, in the different ateliers. Delaroche's students had a bad name for fearful acts done in the way of hazing. But we were fortunate in having at the head of the school, if not a great artist and critic, one whose presence could preserve order, for he was a man, who, though already past his prime, was a model of muscular strength and force. We could not understand a word of their chat, and could say nothing for ourselves. This was not strange, for, as I afterwards found out, their stories and jokes which were not always of the most delicate kind, were told in the most unusual idioms and Parisian slang. But all their fun and slang while working were nothing but scum and froth, while underneath it all was a current of good nature and a desire to study art seriously. So we were not disturbed, and worked there for some months.

We began our daily work at six a. m., and this obliged us to rise at five and walk a mile and a half. The only persons we met were the sweepers cleaning up the streets, hours before the swarming population came out. This early start was hard as the model posed an hour, and

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then, at seven o'clock, having a rest of fifteen minutes, we slipped out to a creamerie near by for rolls and a cup of coffee. I noticed that many of the young men contented themselves with a piece of bread and a bunch of grapes or a bit of chocolate. Our four hours of study closed at eleven a. m. Then we went to the Louvre gallery, either to draw from the antique among the Elgin marbles, or to begin copies of the paintings we fancied. The gallery closed at four p. m., when we were tired enough to go home for dinner.

I remember making some copies from Claude Lorraine, Joseph Vernet, and of a fine breezy marine by Ruysdael. I found I could make fair copies of these pictures, so much so that they would be of value to me some day. We became acquainted with some English artists working in the gallery, and through them with amateurs. My friend Cooke, showing so marked a talent in heads and figures, was persuaded by some of them to try sundry of their portraits, and he was successful, painting soon after one of a famous correspondent of the London Times, or Chronicle—a Mr. Crowe, as I remember—and thus he was in a fair way of getting on, and soon it became necessary for him to take a studio more convenient for him and his sitters. He found a

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location more central on the Boulevard des Capucins. Our companion, Foster, being of a rather changeable nature too, felt a strong desire to visit Italy and England, and so I was left alone in the big studio.

In the meantime I had become acquainted with a young American student—Mr. J. F. Kensett—then an engraver of banknote plates, who with Mr. J. W. Casilear and A. B. Durand, had preceded us a few months in coming to Paris. Kensett was alone in the Rue de Savoi, and desiring companionship as I did, we soon came to an agreement to look for rooms together. We took a place in the Rue de l' Université, and settled down to work. Kensett was at heart a painter, and it was hard for him to stick to his burin when he saw me busy at painting, and before many months he had thrown down his engraving tools, and taken to brushes and paint. He showed a great deal of imagination and poetic feeling in his first essays, and finished a half dozen small canvases full of feeling for delicate color and sauvity of line. I was surprised, and delighted, too.

Kensett and I took a trip to the Forest of Fontainbleau, and there made our first attempt in colors from nature. We stayed a few days there, having made an arrangement with our

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landlady for the cost of our board. We made our calculations so closely that after having secured our place in the Diligence for Paris, we had but a few sous in our pockets, and our surprise and disgust may be imagined when the coach, instead of stopping at our hotel, passed on without a sign. Here was a predicament! The rooms we had occupied were taken, and here we were stranded until the next day, with no money and no credit. We strolled off to the moonlit forest to think over the situation. The beauty and grandeur of the night were in sharp contrast to the gloominess of our case. We could think of nothing to do except to go to the landlady and tell her the facts frankly. We did so, and she, with motherly kindness, had some cots put up in the dining-room, and forgave us the debt. Early in the morning of the following day, we invested our few sous in rolls at the baker's, and thus breakfasted. The Diligence took us only a portion of the way to Paris, connecting with the Orleans railway. We were installed in cattle cars, curious little boxes, but we arrived in good time at the terminus. Here was a further predicament. We had a good many sketching traps, and were still three miles from home. A cab was necessary. We boldly took one, and on arriving home, I coolly desired

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the concierge to pay the cabman, which was done. It was late, and we had not eaten since our meal of rolls in the morning. I searched my trunk, and found a solitary five franc piece. With this we dined sumptuously. Our common purse was far from full, as is the case, no doubt, with many a young artist at some period of his study abroad.

Just before this time, I had become acquainted with John Vanderlyn, an artist of reputation in America, an old-school gentleman, a contemporary and friend of Allston. He had lived for many years in Paris during the reign of the First Napoleon, when the Louvre was filled with the splendid works of the Italian Masters, brought there without scruple by the strong hand of the conquerer. This was a feast to eyes like his, trained to see the surpassing beauty of such work. Vanderlyn painted a picture of "Marius, on the Ruins of Carthage" at that time, and this gained him distinction, and a gold medal, in the Salon. I never saw the picture—only an engraving from it—but it was a classic composition, and from what I saw of his feeling for color, I have no doubt it was much superior to the work produced by David and his pupils, Girodet, Gerard and others, notwithstanding their statuesque and classic beauty of outline.

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Vanderlyn, for many years previous to my meeting him, had endeavored to induce Congress, through his many influential friends, to vote a sum of money to furnish the Capitol at Washington with paintings representing our history, but, with a niggardliness which has often marked the course of our National legislators, nothing was done. Years passed, and Vanderlyn became soured by this treatment by his country, for he justly thought it due to his talent as an artist that he should receive some recognition from the government. At that time there were but two or three men capable of producing works that would be desirable. Stuart had painted Washington, and was undoubtedly a fine portrait painter, but had never essayed history. Allston could not have turned his mind in that direction. Trumbull was the only other, and he had accomplished "the shin piece," as his picture of the Declaration of Independence had often been called.

After many years of waiting and combatting, Vanderlyn finally received a commission from Congress to paint "The Landing of Columbus." Now he was an old man, broken in spirits and health, but had come to Paris with his materials for the work. He mourned over his lost youth, saying that the vigor and strength he could have

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once given to his work was gone. The picture was pretty well along when I first visited his studio in the Rue de l'Ouest, near the garden of the Luxembourg. He wished me to help him and proposed to give me five francs a day for my services. I needed the money, but also I knew that I should receive many valuable hints from him. And thus I became almost a pupil, and, mounted high upon the steps of a platform to reach the top of his twelve-foot canvas, together we mixed the tints for the immense azure spaces of the sky, the delicate mountain ranges and expanse of sea. We went over the distances and sky many times to get it all in harmony with the figures of the composition. When not thus occupied I was desired to finish a large picture of Niagara Falls from studies made forty years before. They were really very good sketches, and I had no great difficulty in following his ideas.

Vanderlyn was of a kindly nature, generous and appreciative. It was only when talking of his wrongs that his combative nature was roused, and I dared say but little in praise of my country, it so stirred his ire. It had been currently reported at home that he was wasting his time in excesses and debauchery, but nothing was farther from the truth. He lived a most sober

ARIADNE.— ENGRAVED BY DURAND FROM PAINTING BY VANDERLYN.





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and abstemious life, only taking a little claret at dinner as all Frenchmen do. This I knew, and I felt a pity for the much abused artist with no ties of family to soften his lot. He was alone in the world, discouraged and disheartened. We used often to dine in company with Kensett and Casilear at a modest little restaurant in the Rue St. Marguerite, where we listened with pleasure and profit to his memories of other times, his experiences in pursuit of art, and his early history. He lived to complete his picture, and it is now placed under the Dome at the Capitol at Washington, and in my judgment it is the finest work both in color and composition yet placed there. A few years after this he wandered to his native place, Kingston, N. Y., and died, almost unhonored and unknown. His picture of Ariadne, a beautiful nude figure in classic style, was bought by Mr. A. B. Durand, who made a fine line engraving of it. Impressions of this plate are very rare, but some years ago I secured a copy, which I prize highly.

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### IV.

I HAD sent home some copies made in the gallery of the Louvre, together with an original painting, the subject of which I had taken from Boccaccio. After many months I received returns from them. My brothers in Boston had taken much pains to dispose of them. They had always done everything in their power to encourage and help me, and I felt truly grateful for their sympathy and kindness. Not far from this time, my friend Cooke, who was just beginning to be successful in a career of portrait painting among the English and Americans in Paris, was stricken with a dangerous illness, and the consulting physician declared he must go to the Hotel Dieu to have a difficult operation performed. This was done, but the operation was not successful, and a second was necessary. He languished in the hospital for three months, losing strength and courage.

We now decided that he must be removed for the sake of better air and surroundings. We found a little house and garden near the Barrière de l'Etoile, a place at that time much like the country. Here he was placed with a good-hearted old English woman as nurse, and a more faithful and devoted one could not have

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been found. She had been in Paris for many years doing washing for English residents. She was a character, brave as a lion in defence of what she thought to be right, and she always battled well, with tongue and fist. During the Revolution of 1830, she was in the streets in the thickest of the fight, distributing cartridges to the enemies of Charles X, carrying water to the tired soldiers, thinking of nothing but helping the cause. She escaped unhurt. She could sling French slang with a mixture of English that was most comical. But with all her rough exterior appearance she had a loving heart, and as nurse and guardian to my friend she was the most devoted creature, doing everything for him without hope of much remuneration, and yielding to his lightest fancies and whims.

Although Cooke gained somewhat by the change of air and scene, still the dread disease was then sapping his life. Physicians visited him and endeavored to alleviate his condition, but vainly, and he languished for months. His slender means came to an end, but friends sprang up to help him. My good friend, Huber, whom I had continued to visit at the house of M. Guibert, his partner, proposed to give a concert for the benefit of the sufferer. I have already stated that M. Huber was a musician of great

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ability. He had much influence among a large circle of musicians of celebrity. The concert, which was private, was held at the pianoforte rooms of M. Guibert, and yielded a net profit of 1000 francs, and was indeed a help. Others, too, came forward. Mr. Healey, the artist, knowing the circumstances, immediately interested himself and went among his American acquaintances, and secured about 1500 francs more. Many others were moved to do kind acts for my poor friend.

Previous to this we had met in the gallery an English gentleman, a Captain Hanky, an ex-guardsman, a man of good fortune, and an amateur painter. He came to me one day, saying: "I'm an old soldier, have roughed it a good deal, and know what it is to be short of money. Take these 50 francs, and, when it is convenient, make me a little sketch of this picture," pointing to a Joseph Vernet. The act was so unexpected, so unlooked for, that I was overcome for a moment. It was not that the amount was great, but his delicate way of offering assistance was cheering. And I always admired the bluff, soldierly man. He was always sending some delicacy to poor Robert, and interesting others in his case.

Capt. Hanky proved to be a good friend to  
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both of us. Soon after he gave me a commission to copy a cattle picture by Cuyp for 250 francs, but said if I found an opportunity to sell it I could do him another, and before I had completed it, a gentleman coming through the gallery one day saw it, and proposed through the medium of one of the guardians to buy it if it was for sale. He had a courier with him, and they had taken me for a Frenchman. I found the would-be purchaser was Col. Winchester of Boston, and I was delighted to have it go into such good hands. He bought also a beautiful copy Vanderlyn had made of Correggio's "Marriage of St. Catharine." Capt. Hanky often invited me to his house to dine, and it was delightful to meet so many refined English people at his table. It had the effect of softening the rough corners of my manners and improving me generally.

The hospitality of Capt. Hanky was unbounded. Meeting him on the street or in the gallery, he would say: "Come up this evening to dine, and take pot-luck," and I, knowing what "pot-luck" meant, went accordingly, and enjoyed a delicately-served repast of many courses with great relish. In the evening we had music, and, when some distinguished English gentlemen were present, brilliant conversa-

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tion. It was here I met many times, Mr. Thackeray in a familiar, quiet sort of way. He was very genial, brilliant and witty, the leading spirit of the dinner table. At this time, Mr. Thackeray was quite unknown to the general public in England or America. It was just before he published his "Irish Sketch Book." He had previously written for the magazines and reviews, and had a certain reputation for brilliant essays and stories. The Irish Sketch Book, illustrated by himself, widened the number of his readers, and added to his fame. It was delightful to sit down with him at a table with paper and pencil, but the principal interest was in watching the telling fancies and characters that he evolved rapidly with his pencil, and apparently without effort. Louis Phillippe was then King of the French, and His Majesty received a good share of Thackeray's attention. With a few touches he reproduced the burly figure and rubicund face of the King. These sketches were truly admirable, fresh ideas directly from the mint of such a brain as Thackeray's.

I think, from what he told me, his first intention was to become an artist, and that he began his studies in that direction, but apparently had not the power or patience to complete a picture

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which he could so easily conceive. I used to meet him at the gallery trying to copy in water colors, and as far as they went the copies were capital, but never complete. He was quite Bohemian in his nature, and detested shams. He knew Paris well, and its Bohemian life perfectly. He spoke French like a native with all its idioms and slang. He was a man of large frame and uncommon height, with a massive head and a broken nose. This nose must have been the cause of his taking the nom de plume of Michael Angelo Titmarsh.

I have the most delightful remembrance of William Makepeace Thackeray, and I have always been thankful that my good fortune led me to know him, and that I saw him at his jolliest and best period.

I met also many other distinguished men and women at Capt. Hanky's house, and it was an education to me, broadening my ideas, and giving me fresh impulses.

Among the many people I became acquainted with during my first years in Paris, were four brothers by the name of Alexander. They were English, or rather, Scotch, and were sons of the Earl of Sterling, so called, who claimed the peerage, and was at that time fighting the English government to obtain possession of what he

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considered his rights, with how much justice I do not know; but that there was merit in the claim is evident from the fact that the government at last decided to compromise the matter and allow the eldest son Lord Canada to assume the title after his father's death, which occurred in Washington, in this country, in 1857. What connection this country had with their litigation I do not know, but I know that two of the brothers had good situations in the departments at Washington.

After the death of Lord Sterling, the eldest son assumed the title, married a lady of wealth in London, and has lived there until now for aught I know. It is of the brothers next in order I wish to write—Charles, Eugene and Donald. Charles was my especial friend, and as he had a good feeling for art, a quick eye for drawing from nature, he went with me on many delightful excursions about the environs of Paris in search of picturesque bits abounding there, even extending our walks as far as Versailles, Enghein, Montmorency and St. Germain. But the island of Bougival, six or eight miles below Paris, and surrounded by the waters of the Seine, was our favorite resort, as well as that of many artists from the city. Francais made fascinating pictures from studies obtained there, as did also

## of Art and Artists

Lambinet later. The subjects were very simple but capable of being transformed into charming pictures in the hands of such painters. Many of my first attempts in color were made there, and we always loved the place, for it was ideal in character and away from intrusion.

But besides this we had delightful picnics there with a pleasant English family with whom we were acquainted. Mr. Osborne, the father, was an inveterate fisherman of such small fry as were to be found in the yellow, rather muddy waters of the Seine, including gudgeons and other smaller kinds. He spent hours quietly watching his float, content if at rare intervals he had a good nibble. Mrs. Osborne was with us, and two daughters (sometimes three) very charming girls, who sometimes tried the fishing rod, or were busy with their sewing, or putting our lunch in tempting order in some sheltered nook.

After trying the fish for awhile and succeeding in landing a few monsters, some three or four inches in length, I slipped away with my sketchbook, leaving the old gentleman flushed with the hope of soon getting a glorious nibble. But these dreams were rarely realized. The fun of trying was there all the same. At last our achievements being ended, we were rowed

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over the ferry by a piquant little French peasant girl with quaint cap and costume, went to the station, and were whirled back by the Versailles train to Paris, to be lost among the multitudes of the great city. Sometimes we went to the island of St. Ouen much nearer Paris, but preserving all its rural attractions, though so near at hand. The picturesque old stone auberge and the medieval mill, built apparently many, many years ago, have been painted hundreds of times by successive generations of artists. How such spots as these have changed during the many years since I have seen them I can scarcely imagine, but Paris has so enlarged its boundaries that I fancy all the old has been eliminated and modern structures erected.

The Osborne family lived in the Rue de Chaillot, at that time a retired quarter of the city, where large gardens were attached to the dwellings with a capacity for many fruits and flowers. It was in this quarter and at that time that Rosa Bonheur and her brothers found many studies for their sketchbooks, such as goats, sheep, etc. The Osbornes had their Monday evenings for receptions, to which my friends the two Alexanders and myself were always invited. We sometimes had literary evenings, and each one wrote a short paper on a subject agreed

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upon previously, and these were read by one of the number with no names given; then we had to guess the authorship of each—this was very entertaining to all. After this we had games of cards and “Pope Joan” and *vignt et un* flourished for an hour or two, but our losses or gains did not trouble us as they were very infinitesimal.

Caroline Osborne was a bright, beautiful girl, spoke French and English with equal facility and was much beloved by all her friends, but, not being rich, suitors were rare. I had been away from Paris for more than twenty years and lost all trace of the family, when one day after my return there in 1865, I called with Mrs. Champney upon some friends at the Hotel du Louvre. While waiting in the office I cast my eyes out of a window upon the steps of a church near by and there saw a gaily dressed wedding party going up, and my surprise was great when I recognized in the white-robed bride, the tall, handsome figure of Caroline Osborne. I had an impulse to rush out and greet her, but timidity kept me back. I afterwards found my remembrance was perfect—for her marriage to a well-known French gentleman was soon announced in the newspapers.

But to return to Lord Sterling. He was a broad-minded, liberal man, of good education

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and very courteous in his manners. He had lived a long time in France as many English do, but during Napoleon's reign and the wars with Engand, he was seized with many other travellers, and confined in the city of Verdun, where he remained some years, or until peace released him and his companions. Lady Sterling was Italian and was a striking personality; she managed her large family with skill and the sons and daughters all loved her. She was a most noble woman.

But I am running away from my poor friend Robert, languishing upon his bed of illness. I used to go to him once or twice every day, to try and console him and talk over plans for the future, for he still clung to life with tenacity and hope, and would make little sketches for pictures he had in mind. I went into the country every day for the purpose of making studies from nature. Sometimes I would walk out four or five miles from the Barriere de l'Etoile toward Marly and Bougival, or to the island of St. Ouen to sketch the picturesque mill or old auberge there. These excursions were delightful, and only saddened by the fact that my friend could not enjoy them with me. On my return at night I would stop to see him and show him the result of my day's work which always interested him.

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What long, tiring days they were! With miles of foot travel and hard work, and late bed-time, for my lodging was a mile and a half from my friend's home. This continued for many weeks. I had at last to come to the conclusion that nothing could be done to save him, and early in the autumn he died.

To say that I mourned his loss, expresses nothing of what I felt when he left me. He had been my earliest and best friend, and instructor in art. Our tastes and sympathies were alike. He was full of enthusiasm for art—for art's sake. That he would have become one of the most brilliant and characteristic of American portrait painters, I have not a doubt today, and I have by me now some work of his which fully bears me out in stating this. I am not sure but I might say he would have been a remarkable man in composition and figure painting had not his studies been so suddenly arrested. So much impressed was I with all that passed during his long illness and suffering, that, although fifty years have passed since his death, there is scarcely a night passes that he does not visit me in my dreams. There is only one painting of his in Boston on exhibition, and that is in the Boston Museum on Tremont street. It is a copy of Poussin's "Judgment of Solomon" in the

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Louvre. It was bought by Mr. Moses Kimball and placed there, but no one looks at these paintings now, and no one knows of its being there.

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### V.

NOW some of my good friends in Paris, feeling that I had made some sacrifices for my comrade, proposed to aid me with means to pursue my studies. I had at this time two or three pictures, and they said : " Make a raffle of them, and we will see that the tickets are sold." This was done, and I found myself in possession of a pretty little sum to meet future contingencies.

I found myself alone, for Kensett had gone to London to receive a legacy left him by the sudden death of his grandmother there. He expected to return in a few days, but, owing to the law's delay, was remaining indefinitely. I changed my lodgings from the Latin Quarter to the Rue Rumford in the neighborhood of the Madeleine. There I established myself at No. 11 up six flights of stairs. I had a good studio, and two or three other rooms attached for living purposes. I thought it was princely. I had made the acquaintance of an artist, who came from the department of Culvados, Normandy, an enthusiastic young man, whose glowing description of the country, and its wonderfully picturesque landscape induced me to make a trip there.

The Diligence carried me to Falaise, a quaint

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old town full of memories of William the Conqueror, for this was his birthplace, and one could even see the little room in which he was born in the dismal ruin still standing. I sketched the old tower in connection with the town and rocky cliffs covered with purple heather. The scenery was interesting, but I soon got away to some of the smaller hamlets, where I could find water-courses and old mills, cottages and fields of buckwheat. I was alone in a strange country, but at the rustic little auberge I always found a welcome and good cheer at small cost. Never have I found more kindness than at the hands of these simple peasants. To be sure I had to drink cider with them (a thing I detested) for hospitality's sake, for they resented a refusal.

I chanced to get acquainted with a young man who was all cordiality, and who invited me to his home in such a manner I could not refuse. I found his home to be a substantial old farmhouse situated among orchards of fruit trees, where plenty seemed to reign, and where farmwork was pushed vigorously. My friend, who was the oldest son, did no work in accordance with the traditions of the family, which claimed to be a noble one, and a branch of some English family of great repute. A few old portraits seemed to confirm the fact. The mother had a sweet, pure

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face and some distinction. A younger brother, though professing much literary ability, was a hard-working man, and went with the laborers, working as hard as they. They all ate four hearty meals a day, washing them down with quarts of good Norman cider.

I was an American, and one from so distant a country was an unusual sight for them. There was no end to the questions I had to answer. The literary son had written a history of the family and its surroundings, and had sent a copy of it to King Louis Phillippe, in the hope of getting some recognition, and an invitation to court. But at that time it had not come. In the meantime the eldest son spent his time dawdling about the country, flirting with all the pretty girls, a complete idler, with apparently no money in his pocket. He stuck to me like a burr, for the novelty of the thing I thought. He was good-natured and amusing, and never interfered with my work. What an aimless, unprofitable life!—a life that could not have been led in this country.

I met here a young Italian, a student of music. He was taking his vacation where moderate prices prevailed. Two francs a day paid all expenses, with plenty to eat, and decent beds. Think of that! He was a nephew of Madame

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Pasta, the great singer, and had an air of great distinction. We had pleasant chats together, and concluded to go back to Paris in company via Caen—Caen the city of cathedrals, and William the Conqueror. At Caen we took a steamer to Havre, a night's sail. We were both in rather an impecunious state, and so concluded to take seats in a freight train for Paris, the fare being about half the regular train rates. But it was a cold autumn day, and we suffered much in our exposed car, and arrived home in a forlorn and uncomfortable condition. In taking a carriage, a discussion arose, as to which of us should be dropped first, each insisting that he was nearer the station. I gave in to him, and when I left him at his lodgings we said "good-night," and I never saw him again.

I now set about doing something for the next Salon, thinking it time I should make an essay in that direction, my friend Healy advising me strongly to do so. I chose some of my Normandy studies for the purpose, the principal one being a ruined castle. I worked hard over this, and two other canvases, and sent them in, with fear and trembling, for the jury to decide upon. It happened that I had a good friend in a French lady, who had a friend in the printing office where the catalogue of the coming Salon was

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printed. She saw some proofsheets of the catalogue, and knew that my offerings were accepted. She hastened to let me know my good luck the evening before the eventful opening of the Exhibition. What relief and joy this was to me after the long suspense!

Hundreds of people were waiting next morning before the massive doors of the Louvre. The crowd was composed mostly of artists and their friends, all anxious for the fate of their pictures. I was almost carried off my feet and up the grand staircase by the impetuosity of the rush, but once in the immense galleries there was plenty of room. Still everyone was eager to know the truth. Of course many were doomed to disappointment. I found my pictures after a long search, but heavens! how little they looked! They were hardly recognizable. They were fairly well placed, but it took some time to reconcile me to their insignificance, surrounded as they were by the huge canvases of the Frenchmen. No,—they were not all large. There were many charming small things. One of my pictures was placed by the side of a fresh study by Troyon, the green tones of which were marvellously rich and juicy. I loved the picture at first sight, but wondered how he had dared to do it. Troyon at that time had no fame. I had

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seen his small work in the shops, and a large interior of a wood in a former Salon, but the critics gave no credit for his work, although it possessed all the breadth and strength which characterized his efforts in later days.

The critics of that time obstinately persisted in calling Troyon's paintings "des plats d'épinards," but to my mind his work bore the impress of nature with great simplicity of treatment, and the freshness of green that nature constantly shows. And today it seems to me that no modern master has excelled him in the directness and strength of his rendering of nature. I saw the exhibition of his works collected together at the Hotel Drouot after his death, and that confirmed me in my opinion that he was the greatest master of landscape and cattle painting which modern times has produced. Unfortunately he died in his prime with the power and experience to do still greater work. All honor to Troyon, the great painter!

Corot was not known at this time, and I saw none of his work at the Exhibition, and presume he was refused admission. Decamps was one of the great men of the time. Many of his small pictures could be seen in the shops, some of them noble works of art. His manner was original, and powerful in the extreme, but did not

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possess the common properties apparent in nature. There were distinction and careful selection in his subjects, and they were out of the common. I had the good fortune to meet him at a little village on the borders of the Forest of Fontainbleau near Barbison (then unknown) where he then lived. He was apparently a grave, silent man, unlike a Frenchman, tall, blonde, with aquiline nose, light moustache and a slight nervous figure. I have never seen in this country a fair representation of Decamp's work, nothing to show his great power, his Rembrantesque force of light and shade. I saw at one time in the Louvre gallery a series of crayon drawings by him, describing the life of Samson. They were large sized and marvelously fine. It seemed to me that I had never seen anything to compare with them in descriptive force. They were executed for the Empress of Russia, and only shown for a short time.

I became acquainted with the paintings of Diaz at this time, and at once fell in love with the rich, sparkling colors of his wood interiors. The golden sunlight sifting through the branches illuminating a group of wood nymphs, or twinkling about a pack of hounds in the uncertain recesses of deep woods. An artist friend, who knew Diaz intimately when he was young and

## **Sixty Years' Memories**

struggling, alluding to the fact that he wore a wooden leg, assured me that Diaz often jestingly remarked that he intended to "gild his wooden leg,"—and he did later. At one of the Salons I saw what seemed to me his finest picture. It was a good-sized canvas, perhaps five feet high, with figures two feet or so. It was Diana and nymphs, and very carefully studied. The color seemed to me to be nearer that of the Venetian colorists than almost anything I remember of the modern schools. I speak of Diaz in this way merely to show how the work impressed me nearly fifty years ago, before Americans ever knew that there was a modern French school in existence.

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### VI.

A SECOND year I sent two pictures to the Salon, and was very well placed. I had no complaint to make because I found myself in company with good works by masters infinitely above me.

I liked my quarters in the Rue Rumford, but had not occupied them very long when I received an application from a young French artist—Edouard de Lavergne—to share my studio with him, and to occupy one of my sleeping rooms. I accepted the offer, partly that the burden of rent might be diminished, and partly for companionship. He proved to be a Gascon from Toulouse and had been a pupil at the atelier of Delaroche. He had undoubted ability and skill in drawing and painting. He had as one of his comrades stated it, “une main de fer,” by which he meant a positiveness in drawing and certainty of touch.

His family was a distinguished one, his brother, Leonce de Lavergne, being a poet of no ordinary calibre, a Deputy and member of the “Conseil d’Etat” at this time. But my companion was of another sort; mercurial and impetuous to a degree, but a perfect Gascon. He was good-natured and obliging and lazy, full of everything but work. He liked to talk art,

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but could not nerve himself to work. He could plan it and mature it in his mind, but never completed it. He would stay out late at night, while his loving mother on the first floor, with anxiety and grief, watched for his return that she might give him some warm drink for his cough. Poor mother! she knew him well, and loved him none the less.

Keeping such late hours he did not rise early in the morning, and many a call came from the mother, the answer being invariably : "I'y vais mama"—I am coming mother—but instead he turned to sleep again. After many efforts she would at last prevail upon him to get out of bed, about eleven a. m., for his breakfast, after which meal of course he had to go out for a walk. Perhaps by one o'clock he had returned and set his palette with great care and precision ready for work. Then some of his friends would call. The preparations for work were thrown aside, and chatting went on indefinitely until the visitors had exhausted their budget of adventure and wit, and departed. Then he thought it a little too late to begin, and dressed himself to go out to drive. And so the days passed.

Once he made preparations for a large painting of "Magdalen at the feet of Jesus." A large canvas eight or ten feet high was procured. A

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model of the main figure was made in clay and draped in a very knowing and scientific way, according to the most approved methods of the masters. From this the figure was sketched in, first the skeleton, then the muscles, then the full outline, then the full drapery, and finally the whole composition. This occupied some weeks as he worked so rarely. Then a model came and he painted the head and shoulders of the Magdalen. This was as far as he got. The rest of the winter was squandered in doing nothing or talking of what he would do the next day.

He would do anything to help me or my friends. The advice of his noble-minded brother he would not act upon, and his mother's entreaties were unavailing. He went into society a good deal, and once a week always to the receptions of Madame Recamier. She was getting old but retained her influence and loveliness still.

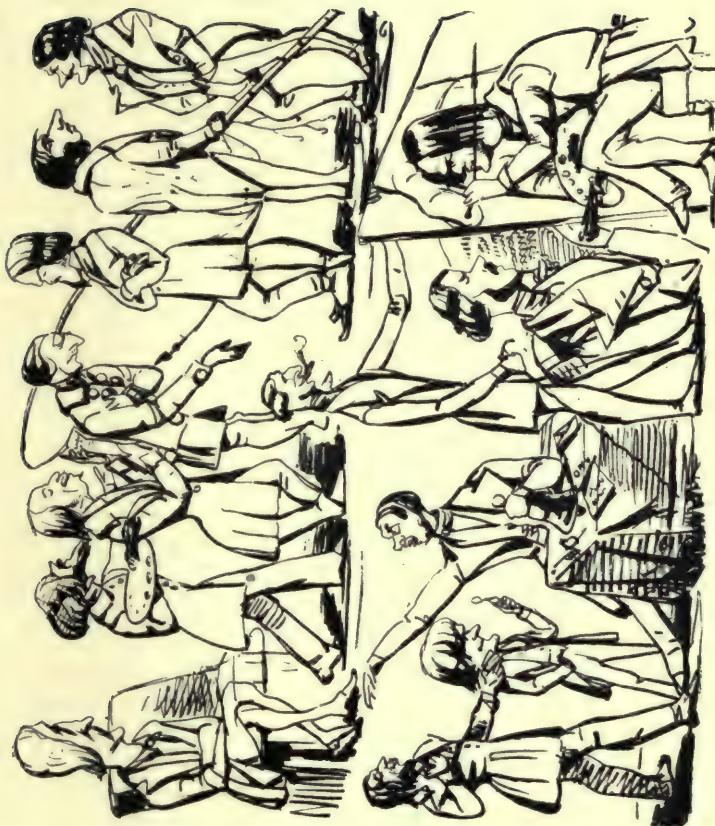
During my companionship with him some of my American friends with myself formed a little club which we called the O. M. C's—or "Out of Money Club." Ben. Perley Poore was the leading spirit and President of the Club, and it was great fun. We had a certificate of membership in bad Latin and adorned with caricature

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portraits of the members. These exaggerated likenesses were drawn by different artist members, and lithographed by Lavergne. I have preserved to this day my copy signed by B. P. Poore as president. An old friend of mine, Dr. Ainsworth, then studying medicine in Paris, was also a member. Wm. M. Hunt was also a member. Hunt was not then doing much in art. He seemed in a state of perplexity in regard to it, not being able to decide his course. He had come to Paris with the intention of studying sculpture, and wished to get admitted to the studio of David, a sculptor of eminence, but failing in this, he drifted along aimlessly for a time, laughing and joking at himself. In fact, he was a true laughing philosopher. He must have felt the power within even then, but not the ability to develop it without training. His sketches and pencil scratches showed this power.

Mr. Rossiter of New York was another one of us. Henry Willard of Boston and William Allan of Kentucky, artists, were also members. Then there was Mr. Mason, afterwards editor of the Newport Mercury, and an architect. I must not forget to add to the list two young Englishmen, Charles and Eugene Alexander, (of whom I have spoken), Fred. Sumner of

OUT-OF-MONEY CLUB.





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Boston, and an artist named Cooper from the West. The latter was our giant. We met at the rooms or studios of the members, and no one was to offer but the humblest refreshments. Hunt was the soul of the club, full of fun, having the wittiest jokes and stories at his command. He could sing the jolliest songs, give the drolllest imitations, and do queer things with a most nonchalant air. He was pervaded with good nature, and we all voted him the Prince of Good Fellows.

Our meetings were always closed by my singing the Star Spangled Banner, while all hands shouted the chorus. I look back with great pleasure to those royal times of close companionship with genial minds. I doubt if any of them are alive now. Oh yes, I know of one, and but one—Eugene Alexander. Hunt, Poore, Rossiter, Ainsworth, Sumner, Allan, are gone. Lavergne, through the influence of his brother, was sent as consul to a small Italian town near Genoa, and I lost sight of him. He strongly resembled the young Napoleon as he is depicted in his first Italian campaign, the same square jaws, and determined chin. Lavergne had genius, but it did not avail him; strength of will, but his power was frittered away with no result. He was a great liar at times, and once tried to

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pass off as his own a poem written by his brother. It was a beautiful thing, and we afterwards found it in the published works of his brother. He took it quite coolly when confronted with the evidence. 'Twas all in the family. I have a pencil drawing of his head, which he made on the morning of my departure from Paris, a most admirable likeness, inscribed to "Son ami et camarade."

Ben. Perley Poore was always a hearty, good friend, as well as a relentless enemy, active and willing to serve his friends, as he was to repel his foes. His long residence and travels abroad did not make a cosmopolitan of him. He was always an American through and through, and always patriotic, stood up for America and her institutions. An insult to the flag was too much for him, and grief came to the unlucky one who did it. He was a great practical joker, and never let an occasion pass when one could be perpetrated. There was a young American, a graduate of Yale, stopping at the same house with Poore. He had not seen much of the world, and was rather credulous. Walking near the gardens of the Tuilleries one day—and to cross them would be the nearest way home—Poore said to the young American: "You will not be allowed to go into the garden with a blue necktie



EDOUARD DE LAVERGNE.



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on." "Oh! nonsense!" said the other, "I don't believe it." "Believe it or not," said Poore "you will find it so. There is something political about it I suppose." Just as the young man was going for the entrance, Poore said: "By the by, I have an errand the other way, and if you will kindly take this bundle home for me I shall be obliged." As the young man was about to enter the gardens, the sentinel stopped him with the usual "On ne passe pas ici avec des fardeaux." Poore, who was not far distant, came back saying "I told you so. They call the necktie a 'fardeau.' Let us change ties and you will see." They did so and Poore then said "There, I won't bother you with the bundle," and the young man walked through unmolested. It is hardly necessary to say that it is not permitted to carry bundles through the gardens.

One of the pleasantest acquaintances I made in Paris was with the family of M. Benjamin Laroche. He was a man of marked ability. His early poems were of the patriotic vein, something after the manner of Beranger. They sang of love of country in stirring strains that were chanted by the students everywhere. For too liberal ideas in the time of Charles X he was obliged to flee to England, where he lived for a long time, learned to speak English fluently,

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and married an English girl. M. Laroche studied the works of Shakespeare with great enthusiasm, and spent many years making a translation into French. This was a success, and he received a prize for the best version of the great poet from the government of Louis Phillippe. He wrote articles for a conservative paper—the *Courier Français*—always signed with his full name as political articles in French papers are required to be. He was a delightful man, full of wisdom and knowledge, but withal as simple and ingenuous as a child.

Madame Laroche and daughter, a young girl of eighteen, made up the family. Their Thursday evening receptions were simply delightful to me, and I never failed them. The unpretentious home was always filled with pleasant people, a judicious mingling of French and English and other nationalities. There were musicians, literary people and artists, and we had singing, recitations and conversation in different tongues. There was always a sprinkling of pretty English girls, who had come over from London for a few months' residence in Paris to be polished off, and there was always plenty of fun with plays and charades, closing with a merry dance in the *salle à manger*. The refreshments were simple in the extreme, con-

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sisting of a cup of tea in the English style and thin slices of bread and butter. I made some lifelong friends at this house, especially among the English. Madame Laroche was a charming hostess, and the daughter was a bright compound of the two nations. She had the suavity and brilliancy of the French with the good sense of the English. She almost always spoke French, but understood English perfectly, speaking it with a pretty accent. These charming reunions led to my going to many other places, mostly French houses, where I could study French character and customs, and thus Paris became for me one of the pleasantest places possible.

VII.

I BECAME acquainted at this time with an Irish gentleman known as The O'Gorman Mahon, who died four or five years ago at a very advanced age. He was a very tall, robust man, and one of the most rollicking fellows I ever met. He was a thorough gentleman, generous to a fault, and would have been a perfect model for one of Charles Lever's funny heroes. There was just something lacking about him to make his balance true. He came to me for lessons in painting, but he was too wild to continue long ; he had too many irons in the fire. He was a lover of justice, wanted his idea of right to prevail, and fought many a windmill a la Don Quixote, but he was jolly and bubbling with spirits, irrepressible to a marked degree. His sense of right caused him to fight a number of duels—the foreign papers said twenty-two in all—and, a little time before he died (at the age of eighty-seven) he sent a challenge to Parnell because the latter had introduced him to Mr. Shea, but his physicians, knowing his feebleness, prevented the meeting. He represented his county in Parliament for many years. I saw a picture of him in the *Review of Reviews*, a few years ago.

One day, walking in the Rue Trouchet with

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my friend Lavergne, we met a gentleman to whom he bowed and who bowed and smiled in return. I was struck with his appearance and gentlemanly manner. Then Lavergne said, "That is Delacroix the great painter." He was a southerner in type, of dark complexion, black eyes and hair, quite tall and slight, and had marked characteristics. I had long known his pictures and admired their great strength and richness of color. I had seen many times in the gallery of Versailles, his great painting of Charlemagne on a magnificent charger with warlike trappings. It was wonderfully grand work and always impressed me more than anything in the gallery, although there were many good things there, especially the battle pieces of Horace Vernet.

A Scotch artist by the name of Stevenson has written a book called "Velasquez," and who is a great admirer of that artist. He studied in Paris with Carolus Duran, and others; he says that all the well-known impressionists of to-day are endeavoring to follow in the footsteps of the great master Velasquez, and cites among others such men as Duran, Delacroix, Henner, Sargent, Whistler and others. He says that Velasquez was a long time working himself up to the point of impressionistic work, but from the

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pictures of his I have seen there was no strife for slashing work or decorative touches. The paint is put on in such a subtle manner that the whole mass appears to have grown there without hands. I have not seen his greatest works in the Madrid galleries, but I have been familiar with such works as are found in the National gallery of London, the Louvre, and in Rome, and have seen no such thing as modern impressionism. I think these painters have simply copied his strong peculiarities and have sometimes sadly caricatured them. In striving to be odd in art, they go to all kinds of extravagance, and if these men were not possessed of splendid abilities their work might degenerate into something akin to the absurd. Delacroix I respect and honor. During my first years in Paris, there was a great controversy and even war between the students and adherents of Delacroix and those of Ingres, the so-called second Raphael of France—who contended for purity of line and classic severity, but whose pictures were cold and pale in color. The pupils of Ingres were not allowed to copy Rubens or any brilliant colorist, and the fight between the factions was so fierce at times, that blows and kicks were exchanged.

For Henner's work I have great admiration.

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He is perhaps the greatest master of color in France. His drawing is good, the modelling solid and fine, and his best works remind one of the masters of the Italian school.

Of many of the Franco-American painters I know very little, but that many of them have great skill in drawing there is no doubt, and they have the science of art at their fingers' end, and some day when they come home will no doubt be an honor to our country.

But I must close these, to me, very pleasant reminiscences of Paris life. My friend Kensett, as I have said, went to England, to receive a small inheritance, intending to stay there only a couple of weeks, but the lawyers made so much trouble his stay was prolonged for two years. He passed his time mostly in painting and engraving. The English school attracted him. He felt the gray mists of the country, and this feeling for gray cool tints gradually possessed him. He felt the subtlety of their airy tones very keenly, and had a delicate, sensitive touch which harmonized perfectly with the feeling. Of course his talent and ambition as an artist were not at all developed at this time, and it needed experience and this careful study to bring them out. But gleams of his poetic power would occasionally flash out. I would like to

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say now how delightful his companionship was to me. There was nothing trivial or common in his make-up. He was generous and sympathetic, as well as broad and refined in his tastes. I was so intimate with him for years that had anything like envy or jealousy ever held possession of him I should have seen it. But in its place was a generous appreciation of the works of others and a hearty sympathy.

Kensett came back and joined me in Paris, and after making a few sketching excursions to Fontainbleau and other places, we decided to do what we had long desired to do—visit Italy via the Rhine and Switzerland. This was a great undertaking for us with our slender means. Our plan was to do the distance on foot as much as possible, sketching as we went. Our old friend Dr. Ainsworth, and a young German musician, who had lived in America, and was going back to his home on the Rhine, would accompany us. Our journey began with a long diligence ride to Coblenz, for you must remember there were no railroads in those days—1845. Coblenz was a beautiful place to us, and the enthusiasm with which our musical friend was received by his old companions of the fraternity was extended to us, and we were fêted royally.

After taking a trip on foot up the Arweiler

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Valley to test our walking powers, and sketching some of the wild and almost unknown scenery, we bade adieu to our good German friend, and journeyed on, enjoying the romantic scenery of the Rhine. Hardly any of the old feudal ruins on its banks had been restored at that time. I believe Stolzenfels was the only exception, and that very year the King of Prussia received Queen Victoria at that place. I saw His Majesty on the steamer that landed him at Stolzenfels, and he certainly did appear as a most ordinary individual wearing a very rusty stovepipe hat.

We walked up the Rhine as far as Mayence and on to Heidelberg, enjoying the trip much; then on to Basle and Strasbourg. At Basle, the gallery containing the pictures by Holbein surprised us for we had no previous conception of this artist's powers. Our course then led over the Jura Mts. to Neufchatel, and across the lake to Lausanne. There we got our first impressions of the grandeur of the Swiss mountains, for the great peaks of Savoy were before us bathed in sunlight. We were not disappointed. They surpassed even our anticipations. Our cravings for the grand were satisfied.

We moved on to Geneva that we might take in the Valley of Chamouni, and the giant Mont Blanc by approaching it from that side. It was

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a great thing to do for every rod of the way was full of interest. The giant mountian showed himself to us in the fullness of his glory. We determined to walk up the Montanvert, and up the Mer de Glace, and over other higher peaks to the "Jardin." This was a famous place, a little oasis among the peaks and glaciers where young cattle were sometimes brought during the summer months to feed upon the short, sweet grass. The journey was a hard tramp of thirteen hours, as the Swiss reckon distances, and it proved to be all of that. A young Frenchman grew faint and gave out. A fresh fall of snow covered the upper portion of the way, and the Jardin, to the depth of six inches. But the guide found the spring, and we found wild flowers by digging in the snow. It was a wild place, eleven thousand feet above the sea. The sun shone brightly and warm, making a very unstable footing in the melting snow, but we arrived at our destination after passing safely the dangerous fissures in the Mer de Glace, and its crumbling moraines.

This was our greatest exploit in walking, although not our longest tramp. We made many hard days' work, but one night we arrived at the foot of the Gemmi Pass with no money in our pockets, and with no way of getting any

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until we reached Thun, a long distance in advance, where a banker would give us money on a letter of credit. We thought we would explain our dilemma to the landlord, and throw ourselves on his clemency, but he was not at home. We must have supper and lodging, and so we ordered our meal and took our rooms, letting discretion go. Early in the morning, the landlord returned, and we hastened to disclose our forlorn condition. He took in the situation and, with great kindness, made out his bill after our breakfast, and presented us with some gold pieces to take us as far as Thun. He wished us a pleasant journey, telling us at the same time where we could remit the loan. This we thought was superb treatment, and we voted the landlord a trump.

We went up to the convent of St. Bernard, arriving long after dark, and feeling uncertain about the path. When the lights of the hospitable convent came into view our fears were relieved. The good brothers welcomed us cordially, and gave us a good dinner and a good bed. The atmosphere was cold and wintry. The next morning we were aroused by the barking of the celebrated dogs. We determined to continue our way over the Pass, and to do this were obliged to climb to a point one

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thousand feet higher than the convent. This was covered with snow, but we got over all right. In descending the mountain we passed through a wild desolate place where the rough way zigzagged down a steep path for a long distance. My friend Dr. Ainsworth was disinclined to follow the zigzag, and undertook to make short cuts, but came to grief. His feet slipped from under him, and down he slid several hundred feet, struggling and kicking and making frantic efforts to check his wild career. All was in vain, until the nature of the ground stopped him and saved him from a still worse precipice a short way beyond. Kensett and I were speechless with fright, but went to his relief as rapidly as possible. No bones were broken, but his raiment was a sight, and he was terribly bruised and shaken. After resting awhile he pluckily said he would go on. We could not stay there in that desolate place with no shelter in view, and so we each took an arm, and continued our descent. We had several miles yet to do, and fortunately we arrived at the village, and the hotel. Next day our friend the doctor was one mass of bruises and sores. Thus we were forced to rest and recuperate both limbs and raiment.

We had been told by a French artist that the

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valley of Meyringen afforded as good sketching ground as any in Switzerland, and he advised me to go to the establishment of the Père Ruoff where artists congregated. Here we found a pleasant home and agreeable company for a few weeks close study. Here we were en famille. The daughters of the house were amiable and charming in their pretty Swiss costumes, especially the eldest—Madeleine—who had a face of unusual sweetness and purity. All the young men were smitten with her beauty; not one I believe escaped unscathed, but she was cool and chaste as the Alpine snows, and favored none. The younger sister—Marian—was not so pretty, but was full of life and sunshine. Fun seemed to sparkle from her eyes and brightened the whole house.

There were some French and German painters here, and some students of the Geneva school, at the head of which was Calame. I had studied some of the finest works of Calame in the salons of Paris, and knew him to be a vigorous painter, and fine draughtsman. Kensett and I, remembering some fine old beeches on a pass leading up to the higher mountains, went there one morning to attempt a sketch of them. We were alone all day. The next morning we set off again to finish our work. Just as we arrived we

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found another artist coming upon the ground. He was a dark, slender man of fifty or fifty-five years. His face was worn and thin, indicating a nervous, sensitive temperament, and showing him to be a hard worker. A boy bore upon his back a bag, a huge canvas and painting materials. He sat down a few feet from my point of view, and went to work. He addressed a pleasant word to me and requested permission to look at my sketch. He said at once: "Tres bien, c'est bien senti," with other words of encouragement. Looking at Kensett's work he said: "C'est tres jolie de couleur," and it was. We could do no less than to express a desire to look at his work.

At the first glance I knew the stranger to be Calame, and said so. His study was well advanced, and was very charming, the touch and elaboration of details very beautiful. My trees were there, glorified by the magic of his knowledge and study. He liked to talk of the English school of art, having visited England to study it. He spoke with enthusiasm of Turner, Constable and others, as though he preferred their art to that of the French school. I never saw Calame after that day, but I was glad I had met the man who had done more to illustrate the grandeur and sublimity of Swiss scenery

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than any man before or since his time, and especially in the series of beautiful lithographs published by him. His later work became deteriorated by his desire to get rich, a desire that becomes a curse to great artists.

VIII.

AFTER a few weeks' close study in this beautiful Alpine valley—where everything seemed to conspire to make tempting pictures for the artist, where the cataracts came down the mountain sides in foaming fury from the glaciers of the Rosenlani, and the grand group of the Bernese Alps towered above the rocky walls of nearer mountains—we found we must leave our pleasant home at Père Ruoff's and go on to Italy. I do not know how many hearts were broken at the parting, but I do know that we plodded up the road to the Grimsel Pass in silence, and at nightfall to that famous pass where winter and desolation reigned. This was in consonance with our feelings. Certainly I never saw more weird and desolate scenery as that which surrounded the forbidding walls of the Hospital at Grimsel.

A storm came on the night, and all the guests were obliged to stop over the next day which was a dismal one. But following this was a genuine winter's day. Everything sparkled with snow. We buckled on our traps, and with a guide started for Briegg, forty-one miles away in the valley below. It was heavy work, up and down mountain roads all that day, but

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we did our task and arrived at Briegg at night tired and weary. We lodged with our generous landlord who had treated us so kindly at the foot of the Gemmi Pass. We now came to the famous Simplon Pass, where we lost our way, and got into impossible places from which we could extricate ourselves only by retracing our steps for many weary miles, and all from having undertaken a short cut, and not understanding the direction. Moral: Do not try short cuts in a strange country!

But we happily got over the high altitude of the Pass, and Italy was spread out before us. What joy to look upon the sunny plains stretching far below. It was a perfect delight to go on with swinging gait down the smooth hard way, through the picturesque groves of chestnut covering the mountain sides. Soon the vineyards appeared, and we admired the trellised vines loaded with rich fruit. We were at Lake Maggiore. How beautiful was this broad blue sheet of water with airy mountains across it, and lovely red-tiled villas on its shores! The contrast with the ruggedness of the Alps was so sharp!

On to Milan and Como. Como we enjoyed much, even more than Maggiore because of its greater variety, and the more rugged and pictur-

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esque mountain forms surrounding it. At Milan we of course admired the Cathedral, but we could not stay as funds were getting low, so we took the shortest way to Genoa, where we took the boat for Leghorn, Kensett going on, after our arrival there, to Civita Vecchia, the port of Rome, while Dr. Ainsworth and myself rode to Florence. Florence was a delight to us. At that time it was the picturesque mediæval city without modern improvements. Everything was cheap and good—at least we thought so—and the pictures at the Uffizzi Gallery and Pitti Palace were a revelation. The splendid Titians and Raphaels delighted us.

Everything conspired—except the fleas—to make Florence almost the perfection of cities for us—the bright autumn sunshine, the Middle Age picturesqueness of the whole town, the bridges, the galleries, the pictures, the statues, the churches, all called loudly for our admiration. George L. Brown, the landscape painter, whose paintings I had seen and liked at home, and whose success had so far stimulated me to persevere in art, was then living in Florence, and had been there for some years with his pretty dark-eyed wife. We passed several evenings with them most pleasantly.

Then we made arrangements to travel by car-

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riage to Rome, a journey then of several days' duration. A complete agreement was made between us and the master of equipment, stipulating the price, the points where to stop, the inns, our places in the vehicle, and everything in due form. This was signed according to law, each holding his side of the contract. How different today with the railroad binding the two cities! But we had the advantage of passing leisurely through all the classic scenes, and seeing many things of interest, such as the falls of Terni; we visited Assisi and other noted places. Our carriage had its complement of passengers, and among them some German and Danish artists, so that our journey was a rather notable one.

We were in Rome at last. I will not attempt a description of this unique city, nor of my impressions of it. Kensett welcomed us. He had secured rooms for us in the neighborhood of other American artists near the Piazza di Spagna. Then followed for me a most delightful six weeks spent in exploring Rome and its environs, painting and sketching, and returning to dine with a pleasant company of artists. I do not remember the name of the restaurant, but it was one of moderate prices suited to lean purses, and of tolerably good quality. There were several ta-

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bles in a large room, and each table was filled with artists of different nationalities. Among the American artists were : Thomas Hicks, T. P. Rossiter, George Baker, Louis Lang and Thomas Powell, all more or less distinguished in after years. Then there were McClurg of Pittsburg, Peter Stevenson of Boston, and a student of sculpture named Baker, also the afterwards famous sculptor Henry K. Brown of New York.

This made a jolly crowd, full of fun and life. But while they all liked gaiety and amusement, there was a serious and working side to them, and, almost to a man, they were a studious set. I formed a lifelong friendship with them, seeing much of many of them in after life.

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### IX.

BUT Kensett and myself were very short of means, and it came at last to the point that we had not the wherewithal to buy a cheap breakfast. We consulted together as to what was to be done. Kensett had already borrowed of his friend Rossiter, and felt delicate about asking for more. Hicks had a studio in the same house with me, and he was a new arrival in Rome —with a pocket full of money. Kensett said he would go to Hicks and tell him of my predicament, and say he thought it would be a great boon if he would even offer to lend me ten dollars. Hicks was a generous, loyal fellow, and came to me at once with the money. Then Kensett and I divided it. This was a reprieve, and we at once visited the well-known Café Grecquo to breakfast on a cup of weak coffee and two little rolls.

The old café had entertained many generations of artists in its time, and many distinguished ones too, such a man for instance as Thorwaldsen. Vanderlyn had told me that he had met Thorwaldsen there, as well as many other notabilities of the French and German schools. The dingy, smoky old place had its traditions of the notables it had entertained in past times. With such a

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meagre breakfast, as I have mentioned, and a roll in my pocket, I would start off for the day, scouring about distant parts of the city and Campagna for sketches, returning at night for the companionship of my friends, and the modest dinner at the American table, and notwithstanding all the drawbacks enjoying it much. Almost every one of these pleasant friends are gone now, but I linger with pleasure over the memory of those days.

My friend, Dr. Ainsworth, left Rome for Paris, making a promise that he would negotiate with the banker in Paris to send me funds enough to pay my bills and get me back also. By and by the money came, and I was enabled to get away. I cannot leave this part of my life without regret, for every day was full of work and enjoyment among most congenial surroundings. After the day spent in rambling and sketching, and the dinner was over, we went to the evening costume class, where the models posed for two hours. We had hard work to finish our drawings in outline and water colors in that time. This was good practice, and gave us quickness of perception and trained our eyes and hands.

But I was forced to leave all this and return to Paris. The steamer carried me from Civita Vecchia to Marseilles, where I took the diligence

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for Paris, a tedious ride of five days and six nights. Think of being cooped up in one seat during all that time, with cross old ladies and unaccommodating men! With no place to lean one's weary head when dozing except upon a cross woman's shoulder, who scornfully repulsed you for the familiarity. But this was endured, and I began to think I could get along without sleep before we got to Paris. Before arriving there we met a severe snow storm and the passengers had to get out and help the horses pull through the drifts. This was two days before Christmas. I had promised to make a visit in Paris on Christmas, and we arrived just in time for me to keep my word. I had, however, to leave my traps in pawn, for I lacked ten francs to pay my full fare. I hurried to my studio in the Rue Rumford, and was received with rapture by my eccentric friend Lavergne, who with great profusion of generosity loaned me funds to release my belongings at the Diligence Office of the Messageries Royale.

He, Lavergne, had done nothing during my absence, but was determined now to make up for the lost time by painting a large picture for the coming Salon. It was a Madonna among the clouds and surrounded by cherubs, a la Murillo. It went on bravely for a time, but his

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natural propensity for procrastination allowed the time to slip by until a few days before the time set for receiving pictures, and in his haste he could not do what he might otherwise have done. The canvas was sent, but was refused. He laughed over the affair, and thought it a good joke.

I sold a couple of pictures that winter from sketches made about Rome, and went to work as seriously as I could to paint something to take home with me, as I was to leave Paris sometime during the coming summer. I worked a long time upon one I called The Golden Age. I succeeded in getting a golden tone in the picture, and that was about all. Lavergne took more interest in this work than his own, gave me good advice and would sit down and help me with my figures with the greatest patience, but would do nothing for himself. This was a peculiarity of his character, always ready to give a helping hand to me and others, but always putting off his own work.

Opposite my large studio window, and a few yards away was another window, and near at the side another studio. I used often to see at this window a young person arranging a box of flowers. I could not judge for a long time whether the youth was of the masculine or fem-

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inine gender. He, or she, had a clear cut face with strongly marked features showing character and decision. The color of the face was pale and unbroken by ruddy tints, the hair brown and cut short. There was a white collar, and the figure was dressed in a gray blouse. Nothing to indicate sex; only the hands were small and delicate. The mystery was unsolved for a long time, but, at last, I learned that the studio was occupied by Raymond Bonheur, a landscape painter of no great eminence, but that his two sons and two daughters were working with him, and soon it came out that my unknown was the daughter—Rosa Bonheur. She was young and struggling then, working hard painting studies from a sheep she kept in the studio, and whose voice I heard constantly. A hundred rumors floated about concerning her, her ways and methods of study, some true, but many false ones.

Not long after she exhibited, at the Salon, a small work in which she had painted a white horse with figures. I remember it well. It gained her much notice, and was the beginning of her great reputation. We all know how great she became. She was of a family of artists, and gained great fame before her brothers had developed their talents, so that her great light put

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out their lesser ones, but I can say truly that had not Auguste Bonheur had a famous sister, his fine pictures of cattle would have received a much wider recognition, for many of them were masterly. The other brother, Isidore, had talent as a sculptor, but died young. The sister, Madame Peyrolles, has done many clever things.

My time was up, and I left Paris regretfully for London en route for Boston. I had many letters from friends in Paris to people in London, and my stay there for a few weeks was exceedingly pleasant, made so by the hospitality of my old and new friends, seeing the sights of the famous city. I sailed for Liverpool in September on the good ship Joshua Bates, and, after thirty-five days tossing about, arrived in Boston. I was glad to meet my mother and brothers and sisters after so long an absence, but everything seemed so dull and prosaic in Boston, that a discouragement came over me. No one seemed to care much for pictures, and those that were hanging in the houses of the rich were mostly so-called "Old Masters." If only they had dignity and plenty of varnish they were satisfactory. But I took a studio in Tremont Temple where artists then mostly congregated, and went to work with what courage I had. The first commission I had was to paint a horse, a famous

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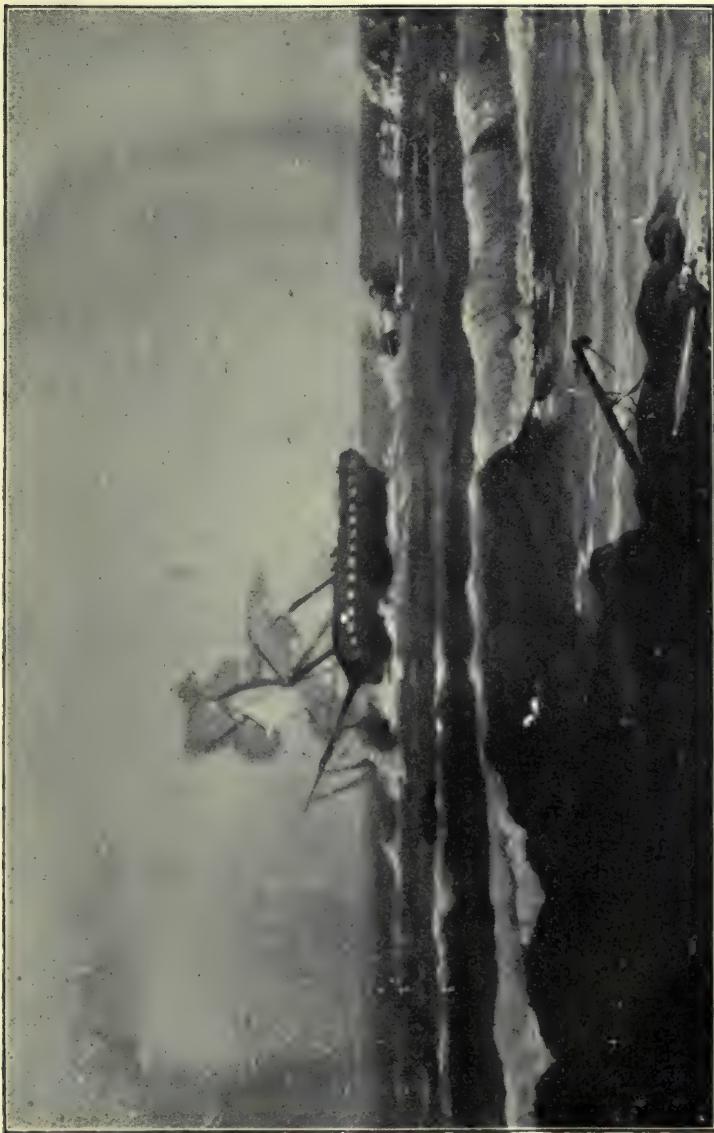
horse belonging to Mr. Train of the Boston and Liverpool packet line. I succeeded in pleasing him, but the picture must have been pretty bad as I remember it.

The artists were all very friendly, and the winter passed away pleasantly, a few small commissions coming my way. During that winter (1846) Banvard brought his Panorama of the Mississippi to Boston. It had made a very successful tour (financially) through the country. The phenomenal success of what was a commonplace work gave me the idea that something might be done with another river, viz :—the Rhine. I talked this with my brothers and friends. The means were found, and I once more set sail, this time on the Anglo Saxon, bound for Liverpool, and thence via London to Paris. Two young friends went with me, W. Allan Gay and Hamilton G. Wilde, both going for the purpose of studying art in the French schools. They proved to be delightful companions.

OUR ship sailed on Wednesday, and we had just got acquainted a little with our fellow passengers when on Saturday night, after retiring to our berths, we struck upon a rock off some portion of the Nova Scotia coast. In an instant all was confusion and uproar, everybody rushing in his night costume to the saloon. Contradictory orders were issued by the captain and under officers. Nobody knew what the matter was nor where we were. The whole thing was like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky. We were hard and fast upon the rocks, and the vessel was laboring and jamming badly. After waiting a long time it was determined that we must take to the boats.

The ladies were to be saved first. I found in the cabin a bottle of brandy. I knocked off the neck and gave to the ladies and others about me a little Dutch courage. Poor Mrs. Pelby, of theatrical fame, was frantic with fear, a contrast to her daughter, Miss Anderson, who was perfectly calm. My friends, Gay and Wilde, and myself were lowered into the third boat, just at the time when the ship was straining fearfully, and the spars were threatening destruction to those below. We found the boat filled with

SHIPWRECK OF THE "ANGLO-SAXON."





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men, hardly a place to sit or stand, and but one sailor to manage the craft. We unanimously made him skipper. We found that there was but one oar, and the boat was filling with water. I chanced by good luck to see that the plug was out which belonged in the bottom of the boat directly under me, and so I stuffed my handkerchief into the hole, and then we bailed out the boat with our hats.

The other three boats had drifted from us, and we were left alone in the darkness. We waited with anxious hearts the coming of light. When it came nothing but water and fog about us! We glided down into the deep hollows of the waves, and then rose to their crests. As the morning advanced, the fog broke away, and the welcome sight of land met our almost unbelieving eyes. Yes, there it was, the stern, rugged form of an island some three or four miles away with the white breakers beating on its rocky shores. It was decided to steer for the island, and find if possible a landing, but in a little time our almost dismantled ship came in sight, and we laid our course for her. Soon a boat came out from a little cove to assist us in getting in. How thankful we were to be on land again! I had slipped a bottle of wine into my overcoat pocket on leaving the ship, and it served us well

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for many of our boat's passengers were weary and discouraged, and it gave us new strength.

We found a few men still clinging to the wreck where the sea had washed over them all night. As soon as we saw this we pulled our boat across the bar separating us from the cove where the ship lay, and took it as near as possible to her. Then the men on the ship threw out lines, and soon we had the satisfaction of having them with us. We now learned that the passengers on the other three boats had landed on the larger island three miles or so from the ship. We had thought them lost, and they had the same idea of our fate, so that when we were at last landed on this bleak-looking shore, tears of gratitude and rejoicing flowed from many eyes.

There were two houses on the island, rough shelters indeed, but one served for the officers and passengers, and the other for the sailors. There was one large room with a huge stone fireplace in one hut, and in that room thirty of us had to camp on the floor. Some were delicate ladies unused to hardship. Among them was Mrs. Bigelow, wife of the Mayor of Boston. Her son accompanied her. They were going abroad in search of health. Mrs. Pelby, who had been so frightened after our striking upon the rocks, now became the heroine of the hour.

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Her practical good sense and power of adapting herself to the situation, together with her firm and good spirits gave the other ladies courage, and made them bear their trials well. She called it a picnic, and named herself Robinson Crusoe, had her man Friday, and my friend Gay she called Orson because he had had no barber since leaving Boston, and was uncombed. She was indeed a blessing to the unfortunate ladies, and in truth to us all. She infused a spirit of confidence.

The wreck was visited by the captain at low water, and provisions in plenty were procured, and the ship's cook gave us enough to eat, but the tea was of the coarsest kind, called sailor's tea, to sweeten which we had molasses. Poor Mrs. Bigelow, when asked if she would have some, answered despairingly : "A very little, if you please." It was a little dreary notwithstanding, waiting for the storm to clear off, for we were obliged to remain ten days on our inhospitable island, and take our parts in the Crusoe life. A box of mine containing pencils and paper was thrown on shore, and I amused myself making sketches of the wreck, our hut, and various characters and passengers. Among the latter was a pantomimist who had been playing at the National Theatre, Boston. He was a

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capital model, and threw himself with much genuine artistic feeling into picturesque poses. I drew him as a disconsolate ship-wrecked man sitting on the rocks. The ease of the pose made me strive to render it truly. It told the story well, and later in Boston it was lithographed by Rowse, and headed a bill-board describing an entertainment for the benefit of the actor.

When the storm cleared away we were taken to the mainland of Nova Scotia, and from there set sail for Eastport, Maine, in a little schooner, but, bad weather coming on, we were forced to put in at Yarmouth for the night and next day. The hospitable people of this town received us with great kindness, and we luxuriated in soft beds and good things to eat. These true-hearted people seemed to take delight in making our stay comfortable. They were very intelligent, and much like their English brothers across the sea. Once more we sailed in our little schooner for Eastport where we arrived just too late to catch the weekly steamer for Boston, but we were lodged in a good hotel, and the townspeople made us the lions of the hour, entertained us with dances and parties, and made our enforced week's stay pass quickly.

Once more in Boston after a three weeks' absence, and with but a week to get ready for the

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next packet, which was to sail on the first of June. I had saved nothing from the wreck but my little box, my letter of credit, and the sea-stained clothes I stood in, but I had time to get a few things, receive the congratulations of many friends, who were also most kind to me, and sail again for Liverpool. This time our voyage of twenty-five days was an ideal one. The wind drove us along steadily to our port. After spending a few days agreeably in London, and listening to the sweet notes of Jenny Lind in "*La Fille du Régiment*" at Covent Garden, we left for Paris. Yes, a few more days in Paris seeing old friends and seeing the sights, then Gay and I left for the Rhine, leaving Wilde to pursue his art studies with a French painter.

At Cologne we began our sketching tour taking all the characteristic points of both banks. We passed a very pleasant summer, exploring the many points of interest, and our stay at Braubach, just above Coblenz and almost opposite the Stolzenfels, was especially pleasant. The old fortress, towering high above the town, was particularly fine, and our hotel itself was a mediæval structure flanked by walls and towers on the river front. The townspeople were kindly disposed towards us, and made us join in the festivities of vintage time. The ripe grapes were

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luscious, and the vineyards were free to us. The Protestant pastor insisted upon our drinking as much wine as he did—which was a hard thing to do. Good wine, indeed, but we were not accustomed to its lavish use.

And speaking of the use of wine by the Rhine-landers, when I was at Oberwezel two years before I had noticed in the common sitting-room of the hotel three or four men sitting around a table with huge decanters of wine before them, talking and quietly smoking their porcelain pipes and drinking. They were discussing topics of national importance, and there they sat stolid and grave all the day, consuming quart after quart of the pure liquid. I think the three were the doctor, the minister and the lawyer of the town. When after two years I returned to the town, the same men, the same pipes and the same kind of wine were there, and may be to this day. How men can absorb so much liquid is one of the mysteries of the human organization hard to understand.

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### XI

WE remained on the Rhine until November, studying both banks of the river very carefully from Cologne to Mayence, including all the ruins and important historical features, but before leaving for Paris we took the steamer down the river that we might visit Dusseldorf. Hunt had given me a letter to Leutze, at that time one of the principal painters of the then highly renowned school of Dusseldorf. Leutze received us with great kindness and genuine frank hospitality. It seemed as though the town was made up of artists, and we were taken to many of the studios of the most eminent. Lessing had on his easel "The Martyrdom of Huss," afterwards exhibited in the Boston Athenæum. He was a man of great intellectual power and refinement.

We went to the studios of the two Achenbach's—Andreas and Oswald. Andreas was the better known at this time, and his fine marines are well known here. But Oswald made himself famous later by his fine renderings of Italian scenery. There was also a young man by the name of Gude who painted Norwegian mountain scenery with great effect. Some fine specimens of his work were seen here in the Dusseldorf

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collection so well-known forty or forty-five years ago. We were guests of the artists' club, and we were fêted royally. There was a young American painter, named Woodville, studying there then, who showed much ability. He was slow and patient, but his little paintings were full of exquisite color, and he always painted some subject characteristic of American life, which young art students are not apt to do. Our brief visit to Dusseldorf was exceedingly interesting, and we owed this to our kind-hearted friend Leutze.

Back to Paris again and settled for the winter, I went to work to find out the way to execute the panorama. I first made a painting in miniature of the whole including the composition and effects. I knew nothing of the manner of using distemper colors, but through a friend I became acquainted with Theodore Frère, brother of Edouard Frère, and through him with Charles Hugo, a decorative painter of great cleverness, and he came to help me begin my work. According to the French method the huge lengths of canvas were laid and tacked upon the floor, and we walked in soft slippers over the picture, standing up and using long-handled brushes. It came very easy to use the new material, and with the help of Hugo and one or two others

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the work went along rapidly until we heard the first mutterings of the Revolution of February, 1848, which was destined to overthrow the government of Louis Phillippe.

It had been understood some days previously that a revolution would begin on Tuesday, the twenty-second of February, and, sure enough, in the afternoon of that day someone came into the studio saying that great crowds of people were in the Place de la Concorde, and had assaulted and taken some of the places in that neighborhood where soldiers were posted. When we came down the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré towards night, the street was deserted save by a few serjeants de ville, and a person here and there armed with sword and gun, skulking around the corners as the horsemen rode by, but we gained our lodgings in safety. The next day the fighting went on, and the government yielded to the demands of the mob which demanded the dismissal of the existing cabinet of which Guizot was the head.

Everything seemed in a fair way to be adjusted amicably. Paris that evening was ablaze with illuminations. The people, satisfied and joyous, were promenading the boulevards in immense numbers. We went to our lodgings early, being tired with the day's emotions, and our

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young friend, William Babcock, came to stay with us. In the morning he went out to go to his own home. He had been gone but a few minutes when he returned, looking pale and anxious, saying that large bodies of troops were posted on the boulevards, that there had been bloodshed, and that the rioters were felling the trees across the streets, and upsetting omnibuses and carriages for barricades. This proved to be true as we found upon going out to breakfast.

It seems that the evening before just after we had left the boulevards a corps of soldiers, stationed to guard the building used by the Minister of War, received orders through a mistake or by malice (which has never been known) to fire upon the crowd—a crowd of peaceful, joyful citizens. The result was sixty people killed and many wounded. The excitement was intense. The people were called to arms, and the tocsin was sounded. The victims were piled in carts, which were paraded through the streets. Arms were demanded at every house. I talked with some of the soldiers. They said that they were in a hard position. They could not fire upon the people because their brothers and friends were there. All this time the barricades were going up. We went to breakfast, and when we came back, the soldiers were deserting from the

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ranks and allowing the people to filch their cartridges from them. Some were throwing up their caps with huzzas for the insurgents.

An hour or two after, Gay and I strolled out to observe, and found the insurgents were now headed for the Tuileries by the cross streets from the Boulevards. We followed on over many barricades to the Rue de Rivoli. There was hard fighting at the Chateau d'Eau near the Palais Royal. The Rue de Rivoli and the Gardens were deserted. We turned home again, but the desire to know what was going on was so great that I went out once more to my studio in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré. All was quiet there, but as I went down the Champs Elysées I found people in a great state of ferment. Men were decorated in brocades from the windows of the palace, and carried treasures of bric-a-brac in their hands. I soon found that the Palace had been taken, and that the King had fled.

I followed through the Place de la Concorde, and through the Gardens of the Tuileries. The Gardens were filled with a strange crowd of people, who seemed to have sprung from the most miserable dens of the city, men and women of a type I had never seen before. It seemed as though the prisons had been opened, and all the felons and cutthroats of the great city had been

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let loose. Shots were being fired in all directions. I approached the Palace. Crowds were rushing in and out. I went up the steps and was carried in by the surging masses. A scene of devastation met the eye. Everything breakable had been smashed. The floors were heaped with the debris. I stooped to pick up some little memento from amongst the papers and splinters when a man rushed at me with fixed bayonet crying out angrily : "Don't you see what is written on my musket?". I looked at him and I saw a piece of paper through which his steel had been thrust. On it was inscribed in pencil : "Mort aux Voleurs." — Death to robbers. I hastily dropped my worthless relics, but managed later to obtain more. Who had placed these men on guard? From what secret service had authority come, and the beginning of order appeared? I went all over the Palace and saw the work of destruction going on. Fine paintings on the walls of the reception rooms, portraits of distinguished generals and men of note adorning the walls were riddled with bayonet thrusts. Nothing of much value was left intact.

I walked back up the Champs Elysées, and, coming through the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, came to the place where the United States Legation was situated. Dr. Martin was there in

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charge of the Legation. He was on the street with the crowd, and was in a state of perplexity because there was nothing over the doors to announce that the building was occupied by a representative of the American Republic. I had seen Dr. Martin, and knew him by sight, but he did not know me. I spoke to him in French and volunteered to help him with the announcement that this was the house of the American Legation, and so I mounted a ladder, and with chalk made the proper inscription on the walls. At that time it seemed as though the mob would sack the city, and this was thought a proper precaution. The Dr. thanked me, and I went away, and he never knew I was an American.

About dusk I was back again near the Palace. It was a scene of desolation there. The furniture and beds were being thrown from the windows and set on fire. The wine cellars had been invaded. The principal rioters inside were satiated with plunder and drunk with wines and liquors, and Paris seemed doomed. I met Babcock here, and we went home with sad hearts.

XII.

NEXT morning when we sallied forth for breakfast, the first thing that we saw posted on the walls was the announcement that a Provisional Government had been formed, with the names of Lamartine, Arago, Louis Blanc, Ledru Rollin and others at the head. This looked reassuring, and we found order was partially restored. The days following were uncertain ones. Immense deputations were constantly besieging the Hotel de Ville demanding impossible things of the Provisional government. Lamartine and others stood upon the balconies accepting this or refusing that fearlessly, speaking to the crowds, turning them from rash purposes at the risk of their lives. One deputation demanded that the red flag be adopted. Lamartine, while hundreds of guns pointed at him, said: "No! The tricolor flag has made the tour of the world with honor and glory, while the red one has only made the tour of the Champs de Mars dragged in the blood of citizens," thus alluding to an episode of the first revolution. These brave and manly words saved his life, and prevented the adoption of the odious red flag.

Things went along pretty quietly for some weeks. The people were amused with planting

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liberty trees, and writing "Liberté! Egalité! Fraternité!" upon the walls, singing the Marseillaise, and doing other harmless things. But by the first of June mutterings of discontent were again heard. The Government had no more money to keep employed the thousands of idle men about the city as they had been doing, and these men, joined by the lowest dregs of the population, turned against the authorities. For three days fighting went on in different parts of the city. It was difficult to get from one street to another. The military sometime escorted me from one point to another until I reached home. Gen. Lamoricière with the troops and cannon demolished the barricades and cleared the Faubourg St. Antoine. The last night of this great émeute was a fearful one. The soldiers of the National Guard were stationed in every street, and at short intervals cried out "Sentinelle prenez garde à vous" during the whole night. But the riot was put down by the shedding of much blood, and order was once more restored.

During all this time I was going on with my panorama. Two of my assistants had been made Lieutenants of the National Guard, and we all shouted the Marseillaise as we worked together. In fact, all the old songs of the Great Revolution were in vogue again, and became

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familiar to all. By the end of the summer my work was completed, and sent home, and I followed it in a ship, sailing from Liverpool, bound for Boston, where I arrived after thirty-five days passage. My young friends, Wilde, Babcock and Hunt had gone to study in Coutine's atelier, and Gay soon after went to study with Troyon, and I had left them with regret. It was sometime before the immense panorama could be got in readiness for exhibition, but about the end of the year 1848 in the hall of the old Horticultural Building on School street, Boston, it was shown to the public. The opening was successful. Ben Perley Poore and other representatives of the press gave the panorama a good send-off. The little book descriptive of the painting was arranged and put together by Poore, aided by many suggestions of Longfellow, who was much interested in it, and I owed much to his interest and warm friendship. I owed much to the critics of the day, also, for the kind way in which they spoke af my work.

I described the picture as it was slowly unrolled, for I was perfectly familiar with the scenery and many of the legends of the river. The picture was successful with the best people of Boston, especially among those who had seen the Rhine. Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, among

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others, interested herself in its success, and always brought troops of friends with her, and she became a good friend. But the great masses of the people upon whose support the financial success of the exhibition depended did not come out, and so the venture dragged along through the winter, paying little more than the running expenses. The panorama was sold, and taken to Codman Hall on Washington Street, where it languished for a while, and then came into my hands again. Then I went with it to Worcester with fair success, and from there to New Haven, Connecticut, where I had fair audiences. While I was in the latter city my brother in Boston sold the picture to other parties who wished to exhibit it in New York City, and who desired me to conduct the exhibition and describe the unrolling. But there as in Boston the show was not a success in a money point of view, and not long after I left New York, the panorama was attached by the owners of the hall for non-payment of the rent, and for non-fulfillment of their obligations by the proprietors.

The panorama again came back into my possession, but how to get it was the problem I had to solve. The owners of the hall had hidden it up town, but after a time it was discovered, and I secured it, but not until after a lawsuit, and

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the court had decided in my favor. It was brought back to Boston at last, and finally sold to a third party, and taken to New York once more, and put on exhibition at the Crystal Palace—built in 1851 or 1852—and where it was at last burned in the fire that destroyed that building before the close of 1853. I was rather glad it was out of existence for it had been a source of anxiety to me from the moment of its being put on exhibition.

In the summer of 1849, I went to my old home at New Ipswich, where I was very heartily welcomed by my cousin, John Preston, who lived in the old homestead, my birthplace. I sketched old familiar scenes with great interest, found many of my old friends of schoolboy days, and renewed old associations. But I was suddenly called home by a message stating that my mother had died of cholera after a few hours' illness. I hastened to my sister's at Woburn, where I arrived just in time to hear the funeral service, and see my mother's loved face once more. She was the kindest and best of mothers, and it was a sad blow to us to see her thus stricken down.

After some weeks' illness I returned to New Ipswich to finish my work, then went to Jaffray where Mr. William Willard joined me. We climbed the old Monadnock together, and made

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sketches in the neighborhood. When I first approached the little hotel in Jaffray to ask if I could be entertained there, the landlord looked at me coldly, seemed very gruff, and I could hardly get a civil answer from him. I saw he was holding back some dreadful emotion, but could not guess what. At last he blurted out with : "Why don't you shave yourself, and not go round looking so like the \_\_\_\_\_?" I had come home from abroad wearing a beard, and it was the first one the landlord had seen. Hence his indignation. The 49-ers had not then returned from California and spread the fashion. I went from Jaffray to Keene, where I made many pleasant friends in that most delightful of New England towns.

That winter I took a studio in the old Tremont Temple to paint pictures from my summer studies. The rooms on the upper floor were occupied mostly by artists. Among them were : John Pope, Hanley, and F. H. Lane of old lithographic days, and now a marine painter. There was a Mr. Mason, a portrait painter of no mean ability, and a most excellent fellow. He had made many a household happy by his truthful likenesses. Joseph Ames was also there, having returned with me from his trip to Rome, where he had painted Pope Pius IX.

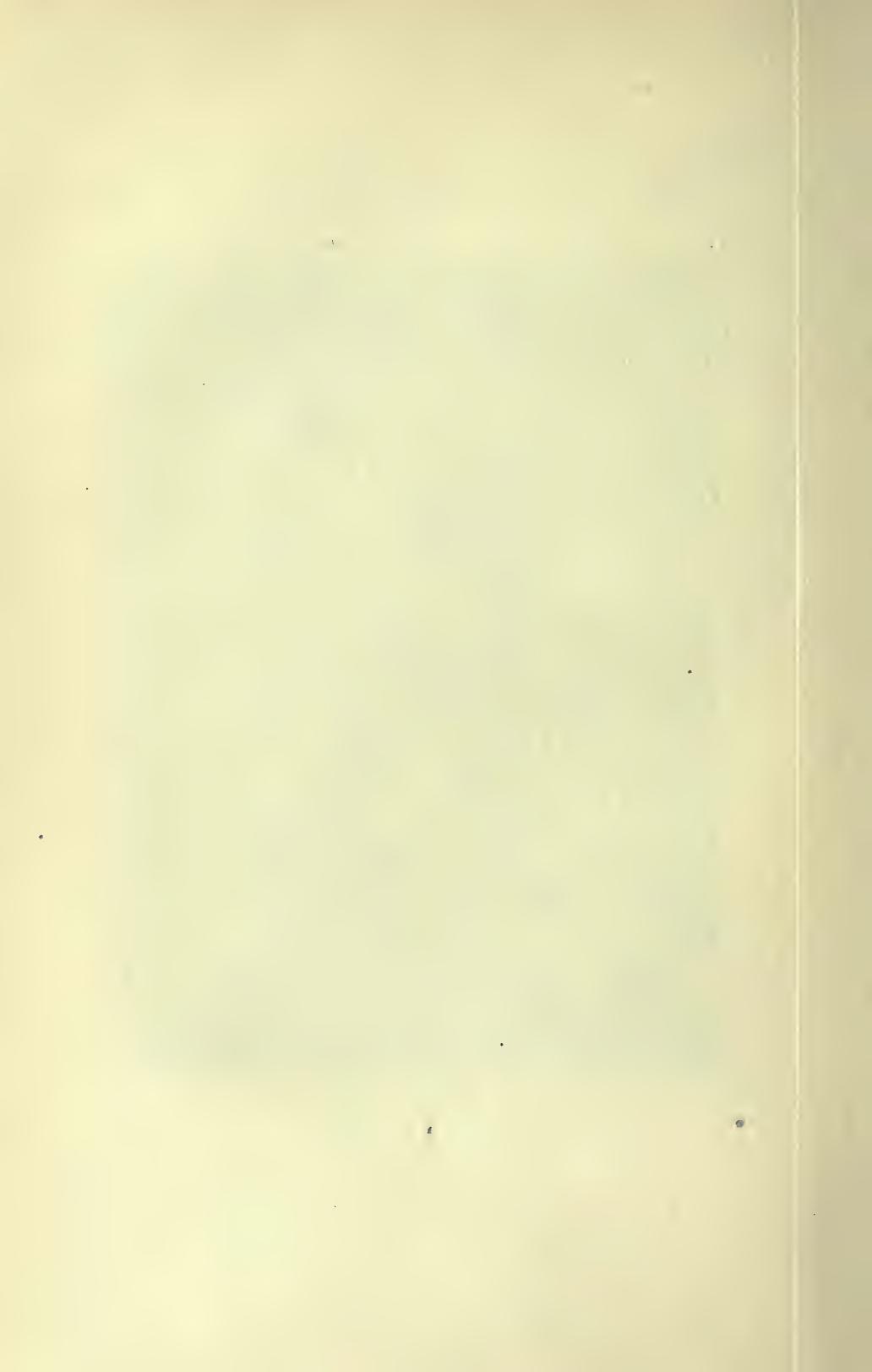
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I had made an agreement with Kensett when in New York that when summer came we should go on a sketching trip to the White Mountains, but first we went to Buxton, Maine, with Mr. Willard to visit some friends. One day, searching for the picturesque, we had occasion to attempt the crossing of the Salmon river on a boom thrown across the stream to hold the lumber floating down. The logs were slippery and treacherous; our progress was slow, and we were finally brought to a stand by a particularly difficult point. But Kensett started off shouting "Flunkies! Flunkies!" Just then his foot slipped, and he had a good ducking in deep water, but he swam to shore, and we, more prudent, took off our clothes and soon joined him. We had a good laugh at his expense, and called him the Canvas Back Duck for he had his sketching materials with him when he made his plunge. The day was warm, and no harm came of it.

We left for Sebago Lake, went up Songo River to Bridgton, and not finding anything we cared to sketch, then continued on foot to Fryeburg. Here everything seemed lovely after what we had been through, and we went to work with a will. The broad intervals, with the Saco winding through between rich groups of



JOHN F. KENSETT.



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elms and maple, charmed us. Kensett sent for Casilear to join us. He came, and for six weeks we revelled in the beauty of this valley. The village itself we found very picturesque. Old-fashioned residences stood on either side of the principal street, and it had besides a charming rural air not common in New England.

XIII.

BUT we had heard incidentally of North Conway, and we made a reconnaissance to that place one day "to spy out the land." We decided to go there at once. We had interviewed Mr. Thompson of the Kearsarge Tavern, and he had agreed to take us in for the magnificent sum of \$3.50 per week with a choice of the best rooms in the house. It was the middle of August and not a guest in town. "You won't like me," said Mr. Thompson, "I'm a kind of crooked fellow, and you won't like me, but you can come and try it." We did try it, and liked it, too. We were made to feel at home at once, with a generous table of good, old-fashioned cooking. And we did like Thompson as we got acquainted with him. He was always ready to enter into any project for exploring the country, and hunting out new beauties.

We were delighted with the surrounding scenery, the wide stretch of the intervals, broken with well-tilled farms, the fields just ripening for the harvest, with the noble elms dotted about in pretty groups. Then beyond the Saco, the massive forms of the ledges rose up, their granite walls covered with forests. But behind these and above all was the broken line of Moat Mt.

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To the north Mt. Washington and its attendant peaks bounded the view. Then came Kearsarge on the right, and the lesser Rattlesnake range on the east. The whole formed a scene of surpassing beauty, rarely to be found anywhere. We had seen grander, higher mountains in Switzerland, but not often so much beauty and artistic picturesqueness brought together in one valley.

The beautiful little rocky stream, afterwards called "Artist's Brook," fascinated us with its sparkle, its amber color, and its gray rocks broken with patches of green moss. Many of our first studies were made there. It was a new phase of nature to us, and it suited our mood. Later in the season, Mt. Washington, white with snow, claimed our attention, and we painted it from Sunset Hill. Kensett after his return to New York made a large painting of this view which was purchased by the American Art Union and engraved, and copies given to subscribers.

About the middle of October we left North Conway, and made a trip on foot through Crawford Notch, and on to Franconia, making drawings as we went. Of course the two or three mountain houses were all deserted then, but the landlords welcomed us heartily, urging us to

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come another year. We left the region with the full intention of coming back early, and bringing back with us other artists to enjoy our find. I did go back the next summer (1851), and with a reinforcement of two artists from Boston — Mr. Alfred Ordway and Mr. B. G. Stone. I found already established at the Kearsarge House, the New York contingent, headed by Casilear. They were : David Johnson, John Williamson, and a nephew of A. B. Durand. We made a jolly crowd.

One day, Mr. Thompson, the landlord, said he knew that there was a waterfall behind the White Horse Ledge because he had heard its roar while he was in the logging camp in that neighborhood in winter. He gave us directions for finding it, fitted us out with a mountain wagon, loaned us his son William for a driver and guide. We drove through all the wood roads in vain, and were about to give up the search, when young Durand and myself determined to make a last effort, and after travelling through the dense woods for half a mile we found the stream, and following it down heard the rush of waters, and soon caught a glimpse of the chaotic masses of broken, ledgy rocks. We at once named it Thompson's Falls, and, hastening back to our comrades, we gave them such glowing



ONE OF THE STUDENTS OF 1851. B. B. G. STONE.



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accounts of our discovery that we all wished to return the next day for sketching, and we did, and every day for a week William drove us over, and we painted the wild scene.

It was, however, a hard place to find until we had blazed the trees, and cut away many impediments. It has remained to this day, a mysterious place, and many visitors have failed to find it after making a resolute attempt. One day young Durand, who was sitting at his easel on a flat rock intent upon his work, started up suddenly to view his sketch at a greater distance. In his enthusiasm he stepped too far back, and, to his astonishment and ours, disappeared down a deep chasm. It was equal to a stage trap-door disappearance, and was greeted with shouts of laughter. Fortunately, he was not much hurt, but much mortified.

In 1852, after a detour to Moosehead Lake, I came once more to North Conway with Hamilton Wilde, who had just returned from his studies in Europe. There was quite a little knot of artists at Thompson's, and we nearly filled the dining table in the old house. A few devoted lovers of North Conway were in this little village occupying the two or three houses where guests were taken in. Thus every year brought fresh visitors to North Conway as the

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news of its attractions spread, until in 1853 and 1854 the meadows and the banks of the Saco were dotted all about with white umbrellas in great numbers. The fine old boulders, fallen from the Cathedral Ledge, mossy and gray, were very attractive to the student. The Intervale at Lower Bartlett, drew us often to that part of the valley. Coleman, Hubbard, Gifford and Shattuck of New York, settled themselves at the old farmhouse, now remodelled and occupied by Mr. George Wolcott near the Moat Mt. house.

In 1853 I was married to Miss Mary C. Brooks, who was born in Indiana, but of good New England stock, in fact she was a remote relative of mine. After taking a trip to the Catskills by way of the Hudson River, and spending some weeks at Lake Dunmore in Vermont we found ourselves at the Kearsarge House once more. Wilde and Gay were there and other artists, and Thompson's was crowded and more popular than ever. That autumn, before we left the mountains, Mr. Lewis Eastman came to see Mr. Thompson, and to inquire if he knew any one who liked to buy his house at the lower part of the valley. We went to look at it. It was an old-fashioned place without any particular attraction as a dwelling, but the whim seized us

THE CHAMPNEY HOME, NORTH CONWAY.





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to buy it, and the bargain was concluded.

The condition of the old house gave us plenty of opportunity to plan and speculate how we should improve and beautify it. We could dream and speculate about it, if we could not realize all our notions. We occupied the house in 1854, and the summer was passed very happily. We were still dreaming of changes, and got to know better what we wanted, and what was practicable. In the spring of 1855 the carpenters were at work, and we added piazzas and dormer windows, and finished new rooms. Then, too, the carpenter shop belonging to the place was transformed into a spacious studio with a top light. Kensett came to visit us, just as it was completed, and I think painted the first pictures made there. One of them he presented to my wife, and it is still in my possession. I set out trees (now grown to be tall and stately,) about the grounds, and every year added to the beauty and pictur-esque ness of the home. For it seemed more like home than any other place. The studio was formally dedicated to artistic uses in 1855 by a reunion of our friends, and a speech by old Deacon Greeley of Boston.

My son Kensett was born (December, 1854) in our old new house. He has never ceased to believe North Conway to be the place of all

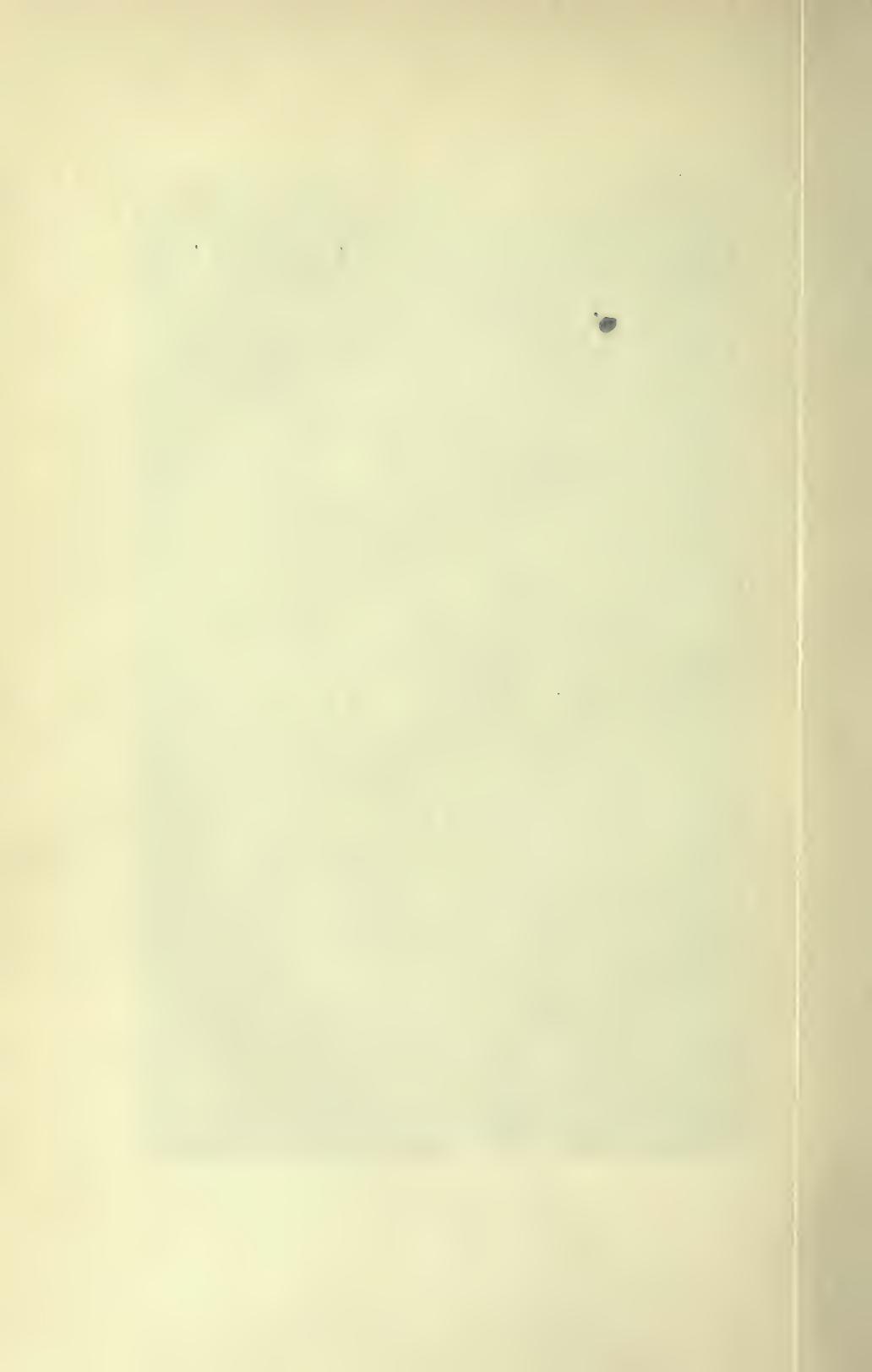
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places to be in, as he has grown up, his earliest and pleasantest memories clustering around it. As the years have rolled on, and my studies and sketches have accumulated, I have filled my studio with them until it has overflowed its capacity, but many visitors are attracted there from all parts of the country, and have carried away views from the mountains to distant cities and towns, so that I feel if I have not accomplished anything great in art, I have at least given pleasure to the inmates of many homes throughout the land, by giving them faithful reproductions of local scenes.

Starr King was an enthusiastic admirer of the White Mountain region, and his eloquent pen described with great power his impressions. These brilliant descriptions he embodied afterwards in a book for the benefit of visitors and tourists. This book is still the guidebook of the White Hills. In the winter of 1857 I painted a sunset, getting most of my facts from the studio windows. Starr King saw it later in Boston, and was so pleased with it that his parishioners purchased it for him. We all know his history, know his eloquent essays, his keen wit and satire, know how he devoted his life and powers to the reclamation of California from the folly of secession. I loved him for all his noble and ele-

INTERIOR OF STUDIO AT NORTH CONWAY.





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vated qualities of mind, and his memory is dear to me. His devotion to the Union was unswerving, and his voice did more to preserve California to the Union than anything else.

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### XIV.

**I**N June, 1865, after the close of the War of the Rebellion, I left for Europe with my wife, and two young ladies—the Misses Stearns. After spending a few days in Paris, seeing old friends and old places (although Louis Napoleon and Baron Haussman had made havoc with many of the old landmarks, wiping out whole masses of the picturesque quarter) we went by way of the Rhine to Switzerland. We went through the usual tourist's tracks, but settled down for a longer stay at Meyringen, the place that had attracted me so much on my first visit. Here I made some careful studies. Mrs. Champney was quite ill here, and we had to remain until October. The Misses Stearns got tired waiting for us, and left for Paris. We finally got away to Lucerne and down the lake to Altorf, and by the St. Gothard Pass to Italy.

It was charming to get back to Italy again, as the autumn was coming on, and the sunny days on the shores of Como brought back health and strength to Mrs. C. Como was wonderfully lovely at that time. All the more lofty peaks of the Southern Alps, and the high summits bordering the lake were covered with snow. The sharp, jagged forms of many of them we

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found very beautiful, and the autumn display brighter than I could have supposed. Of course the fine villas and old crumbling town, and mediæval architecture added zest to the whole. We were loath to leave so charming a place, but it was getting too cool, and so we went to Milan, where after seeing the lions, we went on to Turin, and thence via the Mont Cenis Pass en route to Paris, for we had determined to spend the winter there.

This was toward the latter part of November, 1865, and the Mont Cenis Tunnel was not yet complete. From early evening and all night long the diligence toiled up the mountain with many horses and relays of mules. Early in the morning we were in the midst of snows. The sun shone brightly, and everything glistened and sparkled like a New England winter. Then came the descent into France, a dreary region where no cultivation was possible, but we found ourselves quickly on the road to Lyons, and so back to Paris. We took a suite of rooms in the Rue de l'Oratoire du Roule, a pleasant quarter not far from the Champs Elysées, and kept house for the winter.

I painted some pictures, and we saw Paris, and as much of art as possible, but about the middle of March we left for Italy via Marseilles,

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Nice and the Corniche Road to Genoa. Mr. Charles B. Winn of Woburn, Massachusetts, was our fellow traveler from Paris to Genoa. How we did enjoy the carriage drive of four or five days' duration along the shores of the Mediterranean, by the Riviera, and all the small but now nameless hamlets beaten by the breakers of the blue sea ! At Genoa we parted with our good friend Mr. Winn, he returning to Paris, and home, while we continued on our way to Naples and Rome. Naples was very lovely, but could not seduce us, after seeing Pompeii and the galleries, to stay away long from Rome, for Rome was the most interesting city of Italy, and perhaps of the world to one who would learn of the past, but since that time (1866) it has become the seat of government, and so modernized that I would not today subscribe to that opinion.

In Rome we met our former travelling companions, the Misses Stearns, and made many delightful excursions together in the environs of the city. I also passed some pleasant days with Hamilton Wilde, sketching on the Campagna. We made our way to Florence, did the usual picture galleries and sights, saw Thomas Ball at his studio, and had a fine musical evening at his home. From Florence to Bologna, I intended to go from the latter place to Venice, but

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this we were not able to do. It happened that great disturbances were commencing just then, resulting a little later in the freeing of Venice from the tyranny of the Austrians. Troops were moving in all directions, and we could get no conveyances, and so were forced unwillingly to return to Florence, then north to Turin, and once more climbed the Mont Cenis, and descended again to the plains of France.

Paris is a wonderful place, indeed. No place in the world I have ever seen has the same power to hold one's interest so long or so powerfully as Paris. We had been travelling many weeks through the most interesting cities of Italy, studying the great works of the masters, until we were almost surfeited with good things. The works of really great painters palled upon our taste, and we were able to pass by without compunction canvases of such men as Rubens, Guido, the Carracci and others. Perhaps I should not admit so much, but I believe most people, however endowed with taste and knowledge, would join me in saying this if they were candid and plain. Now it seemed pleasant to come back to Paris, to be surrounded by the interests of today, to see what the greatest artists of the greatest modern school were doing. The little of modern art we had seen in Italy did not make much im-

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pression. But it was a positive delight to visit the Palais de l'Industrie where the Salon of 1866 was held.

Perhaps there were no works of the very highest order there, yet there were much freshness and truth as well as power in them. I never enjoyed pictures more than those of the Salon. The genius of Courbet culminated at this year, and his success was very pronounced. The nude female figure with parrot was immensely vigorous. The other canvas—the Home of the Deer—was the most interesting of all his works I have seen. The wonderful gray of the rocks, contrasted with the soft gray coats of the deer, and the surrounding forest tones made a most wonderfully impressive picture, one I could enthuse over and never tire of. It was said that his success at this Salon was so great, that it added hundreds of thousands of francs to his then slender fortune by enhancing the value of the many unsold pictures on his hands.

Corot was well represented, and Daubigny and Edouard Frère, as well as a hundred of other good painters. I do not believe there were half a dozen pictures there by Americans. Their day had not yet come. But as I said before it was with a sense of delight that I turned from the musty old galleries of Italy to find so much

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freshness and nature here. I enjoyed this hugely for many days, and then I found it was necessary that my wife should return at once to Boston. I went with her to Liverpool, via London, and saw her safely on board the steamer in the company of old friends, and I was back on my way to Paris again, for I had made an engagement to spend a part of the summer in Brittany for sketching purposes. During the previous winter I had met many times an old acquaintance—C. A. Way of Boston,—and had been introduced to Robert Wylie of Philadelphia. They had been in Brittany the summer before, and were so much delighted with everything, that I had promised to meet them there for a few weeks' work.

The railroad landed me at Quimperlé, twelve miles from my destination. The rough, little letter-carrier's cart took me at a creeping pace the next day to Pont-aven. Here I was heartily welcomed by my friends, and the other American artists who had already gathered there. Among them were Moses Wight of Boston, Earl Shinn and Howard Roberts of Philadelphia. There were also of the party an Englishman and his wife, and now with the addition of a French artist we were a goodly and jolly crowd of artists. We all dined to-

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gether at six. The fare was very good and generous. Wylie sat at the head of the table and carved the ducks and gigots, and with the unselfishness of his nature never kept back a tit-bit for himself. Yvonne, with the white formal head-gear of the town, waited on the table with a stolid inflexibility, comparable to nothing but the Sphinx. Thus we always called her Le Sphinx. "Qu'est ce que c'est que le sphinx?" she would ask. It was very amusing to see her enter bearing upon her tray the crowning effort of the cook—an "Omlette au Rhum"—enveloped in flickering darting flames, and lighting up the serious face with almost a triumphant smile. It was a picture.

XV.

**B**RITTANY and its people make a very strong impression upon an American visitor. The country itself is old and remote, that is, it retains its ancient forms and times, and mixes the past with very little of the present, and in some places one could fancy himself gone back in history almost a thousand years. Truly the Breton peasant is a true conservative. He fights for his mother tongue, his costumes, his traditions. No other corner of France has been so tenacious of its past, so jealous of new ideas as Brittany. No part of France has been so loyal to its nobles and kings as well as to its religion. The wars of La Vendée and the unceasing opposition to Napoleon prove this. The laws today make it imperative that French should be taught in the schools, but we found that the moment we got outside the market place around which most of the village was built, no one spoke French, or, if they knew it, would descend to speak it. We found, too, that the conscript after having gone through his term of service in different camps in the various parts of France and the colonies (where French must be understood and spoken), that upon his dis-

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charge and his return home, he relapsed into his mother tongue, never to speak anything else if he could possibly shirk it.

Pont-aven had its peculiar head-dress for women, and its peculiar cut of jacket and trimming and skirts. These petticoats and waists were generally of some sober quiet color, with which the trimmings harmonized perfectly. Their white caps sometimes of bizarre and formal cut, concealing every strand of hair, made up a decidedly pretty costume. Every village had its own peculiarity of cut and fashion. The men's costume consisted of a short loose jacket, thick double-breasted vest of woolen, breeches cut wide at the hips and narrowed and buttoned at the knee, woolen stockings and sabots, with long black hair falling over the collar, and head surmounted by a broad-brimmed black hat. This completed his attire. His expression was generally stern and forbidding, while a smile rarely lighted up his face.

On market days when the market-place before the hotel was filled with farmers and tradesmen, it was amusing to see the eagerness with which a bargain was made. One would imagine a rough and tumble fight was about to begin. The loud voices and frantic gestures all indicated a prospective fight, but nothing of the kind.

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The bargain was soon made, and a drink of cider in the hotel sealed the contract.

Wylie had had a good deal of experience with the people of Pont-aven. He understood their characteristics well. He was always dignified and polite with them, and gained their confidence, more so than any stranger could have done. We were acquainted with the Notary of the village, a young and jolly fellow, very well educated, and who sympathized with our aims and endeavors in art. There was an old building, just out of the village, half farmhouse, half chateau, neglected and forlorn, and of this the Notary had charge. He gave us the keys and possession. There was a large room with wide open fireplace and a high square window, which served admirably as a studio, and here Wylie brought the village children, girls and boys, to sit for costume and character models. Most of us joined him here on rainy days.

We explored the rubbish in different parts of the big building, which must have been undisturbed for many years, and were rewarded by finding many relics of the revolutionary period, such as the worthless assignats, and the sous and liards of the date. We amused ourselves after dinner pitching quoits in the grounds for exercise and amusement.

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The mother of our landlady, Madam Feutray, was quite an old lady, and was a child during the terrible days of the revolution. She was taken with her mother and many other women in carts to be thrown into the water and drowned, but by some accident or streak of pity she was saved, and here she was a hale and hearty, good-natured, interesting old grandmother. Everybody called her "Le Damaroque." Why, I know not. She was past eighty, but sprightly and gay as a girl. And we enjoyed her stories much. She had some friends, two old ladies, living in a neighboring village, six or eight miles away, and one day she invited Wylie and myself to go and visit them and dine. And so we made the journey in their primitive one-horse cart with two wheels and no springs. The ladies were of the old school, punctiliously polite, spoke good French, with the manners of the well-educated and refined class.

They had a nephew who had gone to America some years before, and from whom they had learned nothing for a long time. From what they told us he was a young man of a roving disposition. He was an officer seeking his fortune in the new world. Of course we could give them no information. He was last heard from

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in New Orleans or that part of the country, and I judged commanded an expedition that went to overturn New Mexico ; but the expedition was badly organized and failed, and he met a well-deserved fate. The name was a grand sounding one, with a "de" or a prefix, but I cannot recall it. We could only console the ladies with the hope that they might soon hear from him.

Robert Wylie was a true man and artist, unassuming, sympathetic, keeping himself in the background, if by so doing he could bring into brighter relief, the good traits of another. I never knew a man more unselfish than he. Everyone I think would feel himself better for having known him. The young French artist, who was our companion at Pont-aven, M. Martin, was a pleasant, bright fellow, with a studious nature. I liked much to talk with him. He could always tell you something. He moved away to a village four or five miles distant, near the sea, to study some figures and costumes he found there. One day he wanted Wylie and myself to breakfast with him—a fish breakfast. We had a delightful walk across the fields, and through the stiles and byways to arrive at the uninviting old cabaret where he was stopping.

We arrived there rather faint from our long walk, and ready for breakfast, but Martin in-

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sisted we should go to the beach, a mile or more beyond, for a bath in the surf before breakfast. We dragged ourselves there, faint and weary, as we were, but the bath so refreshed us that we skipped back to the breakfast, and the various courses of fish, fresh from the water, seemed perfectly delicious. Our pocket knives served to cut the bread, and this was our only implement for the famous breakfast. It was one of the memorable ones in my life.

One day there appeared at Pont-aven a remarkable looking man, a fine looking picturesque fellow. He was dressed most picturesquely in brown velvet coat and breeches and leather gaiters. He came to visit us, and we found him to be Leroy, the well-known artist, from whom the government had bought a picture for the Luxembourg Gallery. He was very affable and pleasant. I am very sorry to record that during the siege of Paris he went outside of the walls on a sortie and was mortally wounded.

During my stay at Pont-aven I was constantly at work upon studies in the neighborhood. The subjects were lovely and inspiring. The golden wheat fields, the snowy whiteness of the patches of buckwheat in blossom, the moss-grown, thatched cottages were all attractive, and I made some of the closest and best of my studies



THE ANGELUS, BY EARL SHINN, 1866.



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from nature. Moses Wight of Boston was also a busy man, and made some capital studies. Earl Shinn of Philadelphia was very busy too. He had not at that time made a serious study of art, and his time was a good deal taken up with letters to a Philadelphia paper, but he used his pencil with great freedom and effect. When we parted at Pont-aven he gave me as a souvenir a pencil drawing of a Breton peasant, resting on his old-fashioned scythe in an attitude of devotion, listening to the Angelus. This drawing which I still possess fore-shadowed Millet's famous picture. I value it much. Shinn was of a most genial disposition, affable and kindly. After studying for a time with Gerome, he returned to America to become an art critic. He was attached to *The Nation* in that capacity until his death a few years ago. As a writer and art critic he was well-equipped, and wielded a trenchant pen, and many an artist had cause to feel the keenness of his criticisms. I could only wonder that so amiable and kind-hearted a man could even in the interest of art say such caustic things. I loved him much, and can bear testimony to the gentleness and purity of his character.

Howard Roberts of Philadelphia was then quite young, and only commencing his studies

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as a sculptor. He was a big boy and made one think of a massive young Newfoundland, playful and good-natured, but not understanding the great powers that were as yet scarcely stirring within him. He has since risen to eminence in his profession in his native city.

XVI.

ROBERT Wylie, however, seemed to be the central figure of the group assembled at Pont-aven. He harmonized us together. He understood the Breton character, and knew how to soften its asperities, and make the people like and respect him. He was accumulating a knowledge of them which enabled him, when his strength in art was greater, to paint powerful and characteristic subjects from the history of Brittany, of which the one now owned by the Metropolitan Art Museum is a good example. He died a few years later, but not until his success had become great and unqualified. His advice to younger men was always thoughtful and kind, as, I think, Mr. Picknell, who was with him a long time at Pont-aven will acknowledge. Later in the season, Mr. F. A. Bridgman, with a young Englishman, came down to join our colony. Bridgman had but newly come to France for study. He was without experience in art, but we soon found he possessed ability and daring. He would bravely attack subjects from which most of us recoiled—and successfully too—giving us some premonition of the great facility of execution he has since attained.

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The peasants of Brittany as a rule are very superstitious, and very bigoted in their religion. The priests, as I saw them, are stern and unbending. I do not know that I ever saw one smile. I sat one day painting on a study for three hours. A stalwart priest strode by me every few minutes, on his round, breviary in hand, but I was no more than a post in his way —something to get by. In other parts of France I had become acquainted with curés of genial, sunny temperaments, whose presence was a benediction and who obtained the love and reverence of their flocks. But the harsh and austere manner of the Brittany priests was revolting. The Puritans of Cromwell's time were gay in comparison. A religious procession was passing through the streets with banners and sacred chants. One of our Englishmen did not feel himself called upon to remove his hat when the priests passed, as did the multitude. The crowd demanded its removal. Not complying at once he was hustled about, his hat was knocked over his face, and he was obliged to submit, but he was a most disgusted individual when he came home to dinner.

There was an old ruined chateau of some architectural pretensions—formerly the stronghold of some noble family—which we visited one

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bright moonlight night. It was very lonely under the light and the effect was weird and mysterious, and one could almost imagine that the ghosts and phantoms of former knights and ladies might be playing hide-and-seek in the deep shadows, but some of the party were disposed to be hilarious and noisy with laughing and singing, and some peasants living within the sound of our voices were angry with us for disturbing with unseemly laughter so uncanny a spot. In their imagination the place was thronged with evil spirits.

We visited Concarneau one day, the headquarters of the sardine fisheries. It was a pretty sight to see the fleet of boats returning from the day's fishing laden with the little fellows. We visited the cooking and boxing factories without being disgusted with the process, everything was so cleanly and orderly.

I had engaged my passage home for the fifteenth of September from Liverpool. I had to leave my artist friends and hasten to Paris, en route to the steamer. I was loath to go, and thus sever the pleasant ties I had formed with my companions. Wylie and Shinn accompanied me in the courier's cart to Quimperlé. We strolled about the quaint old town while waiting for the train, and I bade them goodbye for the

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last time and was whirled away to Paris. The good Dr. Gage received me cordially in the Rue de la Paix. The doctor had been exceedingly good to me, and I am very grateful to him for his advice and assistance on many occasions. Howard Roberts had preceded me to Paris, as he was anxious to begin his studies. I found him out and with him visited a number of studios of distinguished sculptors where he might be taken as a pupil. As he could not then speak French I acted as interpreter, and succeeded in installing him with an artist of ability and prominence.

Then I went on my way to Liverpool and home. I met William Hunt at the Royal Academy Exhibition. He had been in London a little time, where he had undertaken a portrait of Charles Francis Adams, then U. S. Minister to England. Hunt complained bitterly of his treatment by the minister who constantly broke his engagements, and kept the artist dancing attendance upon him. Hunt was anxious to get to France, and it was a bitter pill for him to swallow with his nervous high-strung nature, and he never got over the insulting nature of it. He finally went to France without finishing the picture.

I was at home again and resumed my art work in Boston at my old studio, No. 21 Brom-

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field street. Art was undergoing a revolutionary process in Boston as well as elsewhere. Many good pictures were being brought from France, particularly those by Corot, Daubigny, Millet, Troyon, and others. Diaz was getting to be esteemed by buyers, and the works of Lambinet declined in value. The latter were sweet and beautiful in color and drawing, and portrayed lovely bits of pastoral landscape. I had always considered them little gems, without pretension to an ideal type of art, but full of simple truth, translated from nature with a keen eye for the real colors of nature as they were seen by the normal vision.

My old friend Gay had for some years been making charming bits from the coast about Hingham and Cohasset, showing the varied tints of rocky shore and sky and water with a great fidelity and truth of tone. They were highly esteemed and found ready buyers. But before long they had their time with the public, and something of a more vague and uncertain tone must be produced to suit the changing taste. Many young artists began to think while studying the work of Corot that his painting was done without much effort, and that it would be easy enough to paint like that, and so, with a gray sky and a few smears of soft color upon it, and

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a line here and there for a stem of a tree, they thought they had done it all. They did not stop to reflect that what Corot seemed to produce without effort was the result of knowledge gained by long years of patient toil and earnest study, guided by refined poetic feeling.

Our artists at this time seemed to be in a quandary as to what course to pursue. Hunt returned from France with a strong love and admiration for the works of Millet. He had a feeling of his own for a warm, generous, glowing color, a love for rich contrasts, and had a daring reckless execution when he chose to use it. With his pupils he enforced the idea that breadth was the great thing to aim at. He could obtain it himself, but could the students do the same? It seemed not, without more discipline and study than most of them possessed. The result was that most of them left him with only a power to paint slovenly heads and figures, poorly drawn and carelessly executed. Hunt painted some finely colored heads, delicate and subtle in gradation and tone, which must rank with the best by any American artist, but, sometimes, apparently in the heat of excitement he threw off a picture that was not worthy of his powers—only an incomplete sketch or something vaguely suggesting the image in his mind. These things, in

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company with strong sketches by Tom. Robinson and others, forced their way to the salesroom and sold for good prices. I speak of Hunt here because I wish to show that his ideas and works had a good deal of influence in shaping the work of younger men.

Ideas and theories were seething in the minds of many. What would be the outcome of the bubbling mass? Inness had been painting and exhibiting his work in Boston for some time. He was gradually evolving his broad and nobler ideas during this time. His work was of unequal value, but always showed a searching after a high ideal. He was undisturbed by criticisms, and struggled on fearlessly towards the highest point he could attain. He, also, influenced the artists who were struggling for a style but who in the main only imitated his faults. What was to be the outcome of this swaying of new ideas? Were we to have new Corots or Daubignys, or Rousseaus or Hunts, or Innesses?

I had almost forgotten George Fuller in this connection, but must say that his advent in Boston after many years seclusion in Deerfield was a blessing. Here was another great light to follow. The mystery and charm and the subtlety of his color and method must be studied,

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and numbers of imitators tried to do it, but failed ignominiously for the reason that the underlying knowledge and feeling were not there. His work in Boston had its good effect. Its great simplicity and tone carried one back to the times of the great masters of Italian art. Boston has cause to rejoice that such a man lived and worked within her borders.

Speaking of George Fuller I will mention a little incident in regard to him. One day being at an art dealer's rooms in Boston looking over his collection of paintings, I discovered two or three unpretending works in which I was very much interested, as I saw in them points of great merit and very unlike their surroundings. I was so much occupied with these paintings that I sought out the proprietor and asked him who painted these canvases. Oh, he said, "an old fellow up in the country."

This reply astonished me, for I could not imagine any "old fellow in the country" capable of doing such work as this. A few days after I called again and found more work by the same hand. I made more inquiries and found he had a friend in Boston and so I went with Mr. Willard to see Mr. E. T. Billings, a well-known portrait painter in the Studio Building. He told us at once that the unknown was George

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Fuller of Deerfield, that he had been in retirement for fifteen years, but was soon to take a studio in Boston. Thus the mystery was solved and we afterwards became friends and admirers of this good, generous man and talented painter.

XVII.

BUT the great problem of what to do in art was being solved in a very simple manner —perhaps the only natural one that could have been suggested. Preliminary schools of drawing had been established, and from them students went abroad to study in the better ones of Paris and Munich, and thus a great deal of training was obtained, and they were better equipped to struggle with the problem of art. They became skillful in drawing and in the use of colors, and some of them have produced works which in the Salons, have compared favorably with the pictures of the better French painters. But when thus fully equipped with all the knowledge of how to do it, and they have returned home to begin their life work, what has been the result? Simply this. They have not grown since their return. The atmosphere of art in Paris, the surrounding of noble paintings has ceased to interest them, and the nature and characteristics of this country have failed to inspire them. They cannot make French pictures of our scenery and people.

A truly American school of art therefore is not possible so long as we can not translate our nature for ourselves, and only see through French

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eyes and follow all their fads and fashions. There are a few honorable exceptions to this rule, men who have begun to see for themselves, to paint scenes from our own history and render our own scenery in a way not to remind one of Normandy or Brittany or any part of France. We can have no distinctive school here until our own returning students see for themselves, cast off their foreign eyeglasses and imitate no master's work. Manner is not everything. Dashes and daubs of paint do not necessarily make pictures, and if students would forget that technique should only be useful to develop their thought and not diminish it, pictures would be better.

One artist may paint on a high key seeking to obtain nature's glowing light, while another may use a more sober palette as more in unison with his feelings. All artists should not run after the same craze, even if it is new and strange. Impression is just as much a conventional thing as any of the older manners and by and by it will have had its day and be superseded perhaps by something still more grotesque, if that be possible, or candid minds will return to their old allegiance or find new ways for themselves. Our modern young men have too little reverence for the so-called old masters. They forget what has been achieved by great men in

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Italy, Spain and Holland. The names of Velasquez, Rembrandt, Titian, Raphael, Correggio, Tintoretto, Vandyke and a host of others are not names to conjure with. The perfection of drawing found in their great pictures is of no consequence to these of a later day. What is the use of study when a few slovenly daubs will make a hand? Vandyke did not do this to be sure, his hands have as much dignity and expression almost as his heads, and the heads themselves would not be complete without such studied accessories.

The great masters of the modern French school have all looked up with love and reverence to the works of their older brethren of Italy and the Netherlands. Jules Breton makes this evident in his book. He speaks of Corot as having got his manner of painting by studying the work of Nicholas Poussin adding what his own artistic feeling found necessary to complete an individuality of his own.

And when one examines for himself he will find something in Poussin's negative tone of color to bear out this assertion. Ingres, the purist in drawing, was called the second Raphael, but although his drawing was good his color was lifeless. Delacroix founded his style upon that of Rubens, and succeeded in getting some of the

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dash and enthusiasm of the great Flemish master. Delaroche's work was of a pure academic school, adapted to his wants from his great predecessors, and so on through a long list might be added the illustrious names of those who have profited by the study of past great schools. Millet had the greatest love and admiration for Raphael, and probably his study of nature was modified and made more simple and dignified by his veneration of that master.

Since writing the above, there has appeared in Scribner's Magazine some reminiscences of the life and work of Washington Allston by Henry Greenough. Allston shows in his letters and conversation how high his aims were and how great his love for the masters of Italy. He said to a student: "The old masters are our masters, not to imitate but to get means to enable us to see for ourselves, and impress upon canvas our own thoughts and ideas. Individuality in art is what must be sought for. We must not imitate but look for the means and skill others have used before us, and adapt the methods to our own development." The illustrations to the article, although giving but a faint idea of the original paintings will help the student to get some idea of the loftiness of Allston's conception and the grandeur of his style. Then by visiting

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the Museum of Art in Boston, the richness of his color will be revealed in the few of his works to be found there.

I have not had cause to change my opinion formed many years ago that up to the present time no American artist has equalled Allston in all the qualities that go to make a great painter. But our young men of the present schools scout such an idea, and go on imitating the masters in vogue at present, painting pea-green grass with purple shadows, white cold skies and lovely purple and green trees, with slashing strokes and brush marks—and all this without the least harmony of tones, and every tint cursing its neighbor. This sort of thing has become so common today that we have almost ceased to exclaim when we see it. Surely the very offensive side of this school will disappear, as no normal eye can ever see such things in nature, and our oculists will have to invent something new for the student to enable him to distinguish these newly discovered subtleties.

'Tis true that sometimes it is difficult to find just the tint that will reproduce a certain effect in Nature as all conscientious painters know. As an instance, a number of artists sat down before a group of boulders one day to make close studies of the purple and gray tones broken by

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brown, green and yellow lichens. This was at North Conway. We were a long distance from our stopping place and had brought our lunches with us. After struggling a long time with our intricate subject we sat down to eat our meal, but our thoughts could not be kept away from the problem before us, and David Johnson of New York exclaimed after a long silence : "It's purple, by thunder!" He had been revolving the thing in his mind, and, as he thought, had solved it now in this burst of feeling. He has shown in later life what such conscientious study may lead to as he has quietly and modestly attained to a very high rank as one of the leading landscapists of New York.

And this reminds me that I would like to say a few words about New York artists and incidentally of the Hudson River school, so-called. I had become acquainted with most of the New York painters of thirty to forty years ago, and my memories of them are very pleasant. Many of them I had known in Paris and Rome. They were an exceedingly jolly and hospitable, but at the same time a thoughtful and studious set of men.

Of course, Kensett was more to me than any other for I had known him so intimately, and had struggled with him through want and diffi-

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culties abroad. But his talent had been recognized, and his way seemed clear now. His brilliant studies brought back from the Catskills and White Mountains were marvels of clever handling and color. No one seemed able to give the sparkle of sunlight through the depths of the forest, touching on mossy rocks and shaggy tree-trunks so well as he. These silvery studies were painted with conscientious care, but also with a poetic free translation of what he felt, for he had a true poetic feeling. Mr. Tom. Appleton of Boston said to me one day that he had yet to meet a more artistic temperament than Kensett's. He became a great favorite in New York both with the public and artists and his success was assured. I know that today his pictures are considered old-fashioned, that they are wanting in solidity and broad massing of forms, but that does not take away from them the lovely feeling of color and crispy touch they possess. At the time of which I speak they possessed more qualities than the work of any other American landscape painter, although he had strong competition in the race for distinction.

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### XVIII.

CHURCH was just commencing his career, but had not yet produced his now well-known works. He was exceedingly faithful and sure in his drawing, and positive in his touch. I had seen in an exhibition in New York a little painting by Church of a cottage with poplar trees, a road, a place for weighing hay and other accessories. I did not know him, and this was the first work of his I had seen. A year after this I happened to be in a Vermont village. From the place where I stopped it looked strangely familiar to me. The cottage, the poplar trees, the road, the hayscales made me think I had been there before, but no, I had not, and I found it was Church's picture over again, the actual thing he had so truly rendered. It was marvellous, such a production. This sure and certain drawing of what facts were before him, painted with great skill and knowledge made him a master of positive effects such as few men possess. When he painted "The Heart of the Andes" he did it with all the knowledge of the facts. He knew the flora of the country, and the whole thing was rendered with skill of detail and form. The critics said it was not broadly treated; truly it was not, and perhaps it was too

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literal a rendering of facts, and wanting in higher poetic treatment, but it was a beautiful and interesting picture all the same. He sent his picture of Niagara Falls to the French International Exhibition of 1867, where it received a gold medal. A pupil of Gerome, a friend of mine, told me what Gerome said of it: "Ca commence la bas" was his remark, intimating that the artists over here were beginning to do well in their own way. He said nothing about the numberless imitations of French masters.

Thomas Cole was no doubt the father of this Hudson River School, and in some respects he painted better and more forcible pictures than any of his followers. His earlier translations of American scenery were vigorous works, especially his rendering of autumn tints. He gave us this phase of nature in its graver and more subdued brilliancy, full of incident, subjected to his thought and more thoroughly American than any landscape work perhaps yet accomplished. What his poetic mind sought to do later—to illustrate allegory through landscape form—was comparatively a failure, because such a thing is hardly within the province of landscape art.

A. B. Durand was to begin with an engraver, and a skillful one too. His use of the burin was masterly, and guided by a sure knowledge of

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drawing, as witness his reproduction of Vanderlyn's painting of Ariadne. I have an impression of this plate, and value it highly as it bears its place well by the side of any modern work. But Durand was attracted to landscape work, and had a successful career. He was at first influenced by Cole's work, but gradually emancipated himself by a constant study of nature, and formed a broad style of his own. His pictures were especially valuable from their strong characterization of American forest trees, giving his wood interiors a true primeval look, with no uncertainty as to the name and quality of each tree. His many studies from nature have a true out-of-door look, and are firmly and vigorously painted.

I suppose Casilear's work must be classed in the Hudson River School. He too was an engraver, and wielded the burin with delicacy and feeling for many years. He visited Europe, and studied and observed in Paris, but at last he forsook engraving for landscape work, and has had a most successful career. His pictures are more delicate and refined than either Cole's or Durand's, but not so vigorous. There is not a lack of sweetness of tone and pervading color, for his skies are luminous, and his distances tender and melting. In fact, there is a poetic pastoral charm

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in all his work, pleasing to the eye, and possessing beautiful qualities. He can only be reproached with a want of vigorous treatment.

Richard Hubbard, a painter, who probably will be classed with the foregoing, was also an artist of original ideas. He had true feeling for harmonious color which permeated all his work. He was a close student of nature, and would work for days upon a small canvas trying to interpret the scene in its most intricate aspects. This he did not do for the picture he obtained, but to gain knowledge. His canvases were not crowded with details, but simple in arrangement, with a charming scheme of color. He tried to keep with the times in manner of painting, and succeeded in doing so.

Sanford R. Gifford is also classed with this school. He was an artist of poetic temperament, and his pictures are flooded with atmosphere and light as well as color. He seemed to delight in rich sunset tints, to paint mountains misty, and far away in space. To the student of today, his work may appear to be wanting in solidity of form and modeling.

William Hart also used to paint mountain scenery in a similar vein but with more positive color and decision of form in matters of detail and tree drawing, but with less poetic imagina-

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tion. In later years he has given his time to cattle painting, in which branch of art he has been successful.

Albert Bierstadt must be spoken of in this connection, although not exactly belonging to the same class of painters. Certainly he cannot be ignored in making a list of prominent men whose works have had an effect on the landscape art of this country. His first real training was had in Dusseldorf under the immediate eye of Leutze. When he came home his pictures had a decided look of the school, but after gazing at nature at home his manner changed, and the Dusseldorf shackles dropped off, and he painted some decidedly American works. His first Rocky Mountain picture caused quite a sensation in Boston. It was clear, sparkling and brilliant with a superabundance of detail. Then followed in later years his California works, very ambitious works, huge canvases, full of the details of our western scenery, but, necessarily, too map-like. He is a skillful and rapid painter, and has I think been unjustly underrated by the new school.

Thomas Hill has all the facility of Bierstadt, and can make more pictures in a given time than any man I ever met. In one afternoon of three hours in the White Mountain forests I have

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seen him produce a study, 12x20 in size, full of details and brilliant light. There is his greatest strength, and his White Mountain wood studies have not been excelled.

Other men might be mentioned whose works have influenced American landscape art before the students from abroad came home to work a revolution.

George Inness, of whom I have already spoken, has always been intensely American in feeling. His residence in France and Italy did not make him falter in his allegiance to his country. He learned much abroad, it is true, but his knowledge thus gained he has used in truthfully illustrating our own scenery. He stands today confessedly at the head of the list of American landscapists, and his influence has been great on younger men. His example is a good one to follow, by all students coming home from foreign study, not to paint French pictures, but to trust to what nature can afford them here.

XIX.

TO be sure art here is in a state of transition, but we have better schools of training, and all the necessary preliminary, and even advanced work can be done here as well as anywhere, and all these young men and women students can seek their inspiration direct from nature, and our life and manners without reference to foreign work, and thus gradually they will form a truly American school of art. This is what is most truly desirable and even very possible in the not very remote future. Leaving out of the question the influence of the impressionist school of art upon present methods, I think that influence will be ephemeral, although like many new and startling notions, it may modify existing ideas and lead to an advance.

I jot down these ideas as they occur to me without sequence or order, as I would talk with a fellow student—for I consider myself one even at this late day—and as all artists will discuss theories of art and manners of work, and if I seem to have taken up the cudgels in defence of the older forms of art and artists it is because I have been so intimately associated with many of the leading men in art, and have known their

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qualities and aspirations, and from feeling too that the men of today know little of them, and are prone to ignore all that has gone by in past American art. It must be remembered, too, that but a few years ago the advantages of study were nothing in this country, and ambitious young men were obliged to go without a serious course of training.

It was difficult to know what course to take, and when one arrived in Paris what he must do for his art education. A few studios were open to him to be sure, but modern French art was not known and esteemed at that time by Americans or Englishmen. In fact it was not then what it has become today. Millet, Corot, Rousseau, Troyon, Diaz and Daubigny and other great men were unknown or ignored at that time. It is true that a famous awakening was going on, and all the elements of the great new school existed, and were seething, but the French themselves did not travel much more than outside barbarians. English artists were insular, and thought nothing could be tolerable outside of England or this side of the old masters, and thus there seemed nothing better to do than to turn to these masters of the olden time for help and study.

And, why not? They were certainly far above

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all the efforts of the moderns. If with this study of the ancients, an honest training of the eye in drawing could have been had all would have been well, but the young student then in Paris did not know that, and with but a superficial knowledge of form he struggled to penetrate the mystery of the coloring of Titian, Correggio or Rubens with more or less success. The strong point was color without much knowledge of design or composition. I know I shall weary the reader with all these details of what was done in the past, and I only touch upon it to show what almost insurmountable obstacles the American student of earlier days had to contend with, as compared with the advantages offered now.

Our country has made immense strides in wealth and material greatness, but in that strife art has been pushed aside by the unthinking as of no material value, when in truth by fostering care and government aid it might become one of the greatest sources of national greatness and pride. Art in this country should become American. Students should shake off the shackles and fetters of French and German art, and paint no more reproductions of foreign works, which, however skillfully done, can not have half the value of the originals. Then they could go seriously to work, study our own beautiful

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scenery, our manners, our customs, our history.

Then we could have a national gallery in time, such as would add dignity and renown to our country, and give us honor in the eyes of the older nations. Congress might in time be liberal enough to vote money to begin such a work, and once well begun, such a scheme could not fail of success. All the states of Europe have done it, France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, England, Italy and Spain.

Look at the gallery at Versailles ! with its almost miles of paintings and statuary, representing the history of France from the remotest time down to the present day, and dedicated " *a toutes les gloires de France.*" Then look at the gallery of the Luxembourg ! where the government collects slowly, year after year, the choicest works culled from the exhibition, works of rising young men and women, who have a future, and who are willing to receive the mediocre price paid for the honor of having a work placed in such a distinguished position. England has its National Gallery of great interest, but the government has never fostered art as have their neighbors across the Channel, and, perhaps, in consequence of this very neglect art has never reached so high a standard there.

We have followed too much in the same line

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of action and thought so far, but some day we shall learn the lesson better than the mother country has, and so gain honor and renown. I wish I had an eloquent pen and persuasive manner of putting down this idea that the government should take such a departure, for I feel that it would stimulate artists to make greater efforts to be Americans, and paint American life and manner and history. American illustration of today has made immense strides in the right direction. Stories and history have been illustrated in a truly miraculous manner, showing what might be done if the suggestion and idea contained in these illustrations could be carried to completion on a larger scale and in truthful colors. These drawings prove that there is talent and skill enough to consummate such a task, and I feel that in the not remote future it will be done, and that works will be painted of national importance, and worthy to be placed in our national gallery of the future. Before many years our wise legislators will see that for the glory and honor of their own great republic such a thing must be done. Then, in later times, pilgrimages will be made as to the older shrines of art in other lands. We are comparatively a young nation, though rich and powerful, but we can still learn much from the older civilization.

XX.

I have passed the summers since my last return from Europe very happily. The cottage and the studio at North Conway have been a source of pleasure and delight to me. The trees that I planted many years ago have grown to be stately and give the unpretending cottage a look of picturesqueness which it could not otherwise possess. The few acres of land running up back of the house enable us to get good views of the mountains, while nothing has been done to take away from the rough nature of the place. Forest trees have been allowed to grow untrimmed, thus furnishing studies for the painter close at hand.

The garden too is a constant source of pleasure and profit. It gives one the opportunity of working in the air and sunshine, an interesting and delightful employment. I have not much skill as a gardener, but I have always succeeded in having plenty of fresh vegetables, all we can use, and some for our neighbors. Nothing can be pleasanter than to see your pet hills of corn, cucumbers, beans and tomatoes coming along daily towards fruition. It is so pleasant to see their slowly unfolding buds and blossoms. Especially is this true of the various flowers we



STUDIO AND GROUNDS, NORTH CONWAY.



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cultivate. Though when the wee slender little germs first peep from the ground it is somewhat hard to believe that in a few weeks they will be strong towering plants, covered with multitudes of beautiful blossoms, filling the air with fragrance, while myriads of insects, bees, butterflies and humming-birds enjoy their sweets, and apparently their beauty as well as we.

What a joy the summer gives! Perhaps, because it is so fleeting we appreciate its beauty more. Mrs. Champney is very fond of flowers, and her fondness gives her skill to make them flourish, so that we have masses of gold and purple and white swaying in the wind. These swinging masses of rich, brilliant colors are very attractive to me, and I can not resist the impulse to plant my easel in some corner, and try what paints and brushes can do in my hands to put down the fleeting, evanescent colors flashing before me in the sunlight.

Having these flowers before me in later years has been a great fascination to me, and has led me to devote a good deal of time to the study of flower painting, and with some little success, as anyone with ability to draw and arrange a picture with contrasts of light, shade and color might have if backed up with enthusiasm and ardor to accomplish what nature has given one to do.

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It is a difficult problem to solve the lessons that nature gives us in flowers, with their great variety of glowing tints and delicate forms. I would not care to see the forms delineated with the exactness of the Dutch flower painters where cold details overpower the general effect of brilliant color and softness, and mar the breadth of the composition, and where the skill in imitating a drop of dew is one of the chief things to admire.

Neither would I go to the other extreme, and in trying to give breadth lose the strong individual characteristics of each flower, or slur over the forms to make the work more decorative. The trouble is to find the *juste milieu* between slouchiness and too much exactness of form,—to make a suggestive picture rather than a positively realistic one.

Jeanin, the French flower painter, is to me the best of modern artists in flowers. He knows them perfectly, draws them truly, and understands the massing of colors, and the delicate gradations from light to dark, and individualizes each flower so that there is no mistaking it, but not in a finicky, obtrusive way. That is more than can be said of Robie's work. His flowers have all the exquisite details possible, but the breadth of Jeanin is far more effective.

North Conway is one of the most charming

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places in the world to me. I have seen valleys both in this country and in Europe, but I do not recall one where more beauty is centred than there. The valley is broad, the mountains are high, but not too high or near to shut out the sunlight. The meadows or intervals are bright and fresh, broken with fields of grain and corn, giving an air of fruitfulness and abundance. Elms and maples are scattered here and there in picturesque groups, breaking the monotony of broad spaces.

The Saco winds through all these pleasant scenes, adding the charm of its silvery ripples to the picture. The Saco valley is beautiful from Upper Bartlett as far as through the meadows of Fryeburg, but nowhere in its course is there so much to admire as from just above Intervale down through North Conway. If one was a poet no more charming scenes could be found to inspire a pastoral. Echo Lake beyond the river is a gem, set in exquisite surroundings, reflecting the Ledges like a mirror, and when the day is calm, the cliffs repeat the voice or horn many times with added softness and melody.

These ledges are very grand and noble objects too. Their height is overpowering as one stands at their base looking upward. The immense boulders thrown about in confusion, covered with

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lichens and mosses, attest to the upheaval and havoc that must have taken place at different periods. Moat Mountain behind these grand cliffs is a marked feature in the general view. One learns to love its outlines and changing light and shade as the scene moves on or when it is partly shadowed by the clouds, or, again, when the clouds pass over it in heavy floating masses, leaving some point visible, and others lost in charming mystery. It is a constant source of study and pleasure. In truth Moat Mountain is perhaps quite as interesting as Mount Washington and its lofty brothers which are seen at a greater distance.

Kearsarge, too, is a noble peak, more isolated than any of the near mountains, and possessing many elements of grandeur. It is especially a fine peak to look from, and really the view from it is more satisfactory than from Mount Washington. The other mountains are not too far away. The Presidential Range can be studied better from its summit than anywhere else, and one can see over into the valley of the Androscoggin, and take in the suggestive far-off lines of the mountains in the state of Maine, as well as the broad-stretches of intervale, forest, lake and mountain looking north.

I write with pleasure and pride of the scenery



MOAT MOUNTAIN AND LEDGES, FROM INTERVALE.



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of North Conway and Intervale. I have known it so long, and so intimately that every corner and every stretch of view is dear to me, and I am proud to consider myself almost a native, and part owner of the whole. A large slice of my life has been passed there, and I shall always do battle in its praise.

Artists' Brook has from the first been to me one of Conway's greatest charms. From the first day I sketched along its laughing, bubbling waters with Kensett and Casilear down to the present time I have never ceased to be loyal to this my first love. Many, many days and hours have I passed, painting and singing an accompaniment to its silvery music, and I know almost every nook and transparent pool in its three-mile course from its birth in the depths at Black Mountain to where it loses itself in the Saco. Many a day I have shouldered my trap, with a lunch in my pocket, and followed its course for a couple of miles, and settled down to work in some secluded, solitary point, with no voice but the brook to cheer me or urge me on to the struggle of solving Nature's mysteries of light and shade and color. These have been most happy days, for the striving to do a difficult thing is most pleasurable, even though the work is not successful. The mind is kept on the alert, and

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at the highest point of its activity, and is in a condition to do its best.

One day, many summers ago, there alighted at my cottage door in North Conway, from the Centre Harbor stage-coach, a young man of bright intelligent face, who told me that his name was James M. Lewis and that he had come from Providence to study the scenery of the Saco valley in the vicinity of my home. I took him to my studio and showed him some of the points of view I had painted. He seemed pleased and next day started out to find something for himself, but returned saying he could find nothing to paint. He wished I would allow him to paint near me. I agreed. He selected a subject by my side. He made a muddy mess of it. I gave him a few hints and the next day he made a charming little sketch of it. I was amazed and thought he had been shamming. But no, his eyes had only been opened to see as if by magic what was beautiful about him. Then we sketched all the summer and he produced many charming dainty bits.

Other summers he came to work and was constantly improving. I found he had great imaginative faculties and delicate, deft execution. He went to Boston, took a studio and painted landscape and still life with rare skill and ease.

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His pictures were highly esteemed but unfortunately death shortly ended his brilliant career.

My studio has been the resort of many highly cultivated people from all parts of our country and even from foreign lands, and I have enjoyed much and learned much from the interchange of ideas with refined and intelligent minds. But I can relate a little incident of quite another kind. A party had been bustling around the studio making loud remarks about the paintings. At last they caught sight of me in my adjoining work-room and cried out: "Now let's go and see him perform!" This I thought a good joke and allowed them to come in.

XXI.

NORTH Conway and the neighborhood of Artists' Brook at one time became almost as famous as Barbizon and the Forest of Fontainbleau after Millet, Rousseau and Diaz had set the fashion. Dozens of umbrellas were dotted about under which sat artists from all sections of the country. But fashions change, and fads and whims come along to turn the current to the sea-shore, where the greatest simplicity of form prevails. Subjects for pictures almost vacuous and void of interest are seized upon with avidity, huge canvases, covered with barren wastes of straggling rocks and seaweed, with no rolling breakers to change the monotony. This is all very well when painted by a master hand, but transcribed in an unappreciative way is most dreary. Picknell has done some strong work at Annisquam, and made the most unpromising bits very interesting by his powerful and realistic rendering of them. Others have done much in the same school with success.

I do not say that simple subjects are not worth being painted, but it seems to me that there is a great choice, that lines and contrasts in composition are always desirable. I think as a rule the more thoughtful and considerate of the artists

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do think of harmonious lines in their sketching, but are hardly willing to acknowledge it, and pretend that anything will do. I mean the more modern men. I think with the older school that there is a choice, and that contrasting harmonious lines conspire to give a subject more picturesqueness, poetry and beauty. It is well that we do not all think alike, or all love the same scenes. It would become too monotonous,—and I love Artists' Brook and sylvan wood scenes, while many others love flat bits and stretches of white sand in an out-of-the-way corner of Cape Ann.

Water-colors, within quite a few years, have come to occupy a great share of public attention, and the advance the artists have made in that direction has been very great, until now some very creditable work is being done. But the impression idea crops out a little glaringly in some cases, though not in a very dangerous way. I have in my mind many very thoughtful and well considered works showing not only great skill in the use of this medium but fine feeling and knowledge of nature.

I love art, no matter in what shape or guise it may be. One rose painted in a truthful loving way claims my admiration, and I can love almost an infinite variety of subjects well presented

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from the simple, well-studied rose up to the grandest historical canvas. An exhibition in recent years of Monet's work at the St. Botolph was to me exceedingly interesting, and shows an immense amount of knowledge of the subtleties of Nature's tints and tones of glowing sunlight, as well as a power of rendering the true contrasts of opposing colors. He could not do this unless he had made a profound study of the science of art—of drawing, and the true relation of light and shade. It does not matter how he does it. Another way would be the same to him with his power and his knowledge of nature.

Another man with equally profound study of nature and knowledge of the rules and limitations of art might produce equally brilliant results in a totally different way. But let the unfledged young artist beware how he attempts to emulate such works for he will make a most woful failure, without the underlying knowledge born of experience and years of careful study. I have seen the works of many such imitators, and all without exception have been monstrous failures. Imitators never get up to the imitated, and nothing great can be accomplished without training, and the most painstaking study of Nature's secrets.

Most of the young men in whose company I

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began the study of art so many years ago—some of whom have achieved distinction and a proud name in the history of art—are no longer living, and I can almost count upon the fingers of one hand, the names of the survivors. Kensett, Hicks, Rossiter, Hubbard, Fuller, Harding, Hoit, Hunt, Baker, H. K. Brown, Page, Gerry and a host of others have all passed on, and I feel that I am one of the very few links between the older generation of artists, and the school of the present, connecting the days of Allston and Vanderlyn, Thomas Cole, Stuart, Francis Alexander, Fisher, Doughty and others with our time.

The many reproductions not only of old masters, but of popular modern ones, is most astounding and almost nauseates the beholder. What is a rich feast of all that is tempting to the palate, to a person already satiated with sweets? It is only a few days to Paris or Florence or Rome, where all the great works of the masters may be seen and studied. Today, here in America, something startling and new must be done in art to attract attention. The quiet, the unpretending, will receive but faint recognition. The solid and unpretending in art must patiently wait its time. New manners of working, new methods, new thoughts, can not be commanded even by the greatest minds in art. New poets,

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however well they may sing, bow to the genius of Shakespeare, and artists however well they may paint must bow to the genius of the great masters of pictorial art of Italy, Spain and Holland, for with all the modern seeking for new light, we have not surpassed them. Great truths are inimitable; the laws of nature and art unchangeable.

I remember well, that in the first years of my stay in Paris, the annual "Salon" was held in the galleries of the Louvre. A framework of timbers was placed before the old masters' work, and this was covered with the modern work of the day. The framework did not occupy the whole length of the long gallery, and a portiere screened the remaining portion of the great Italians from view. But raise the portiere—enter, and you pass into an atmosphere, almost divine. The glow and warmth from these immortal canvases were most ravishing. But come out once more—the chalky things beyond were almost revolting. But enough of these reflections and reasonings, and I desist.

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### XXII.

A GREAT portion of my life has been spent in North Conway and my thoughts turn pleasantly to that place. For there I have met so many artists of repute and intelligence, and have passed so many pleasant days in sketching and theorizing with them, that most of the associations and remembrances of them are delightful. I might mention among these, Kensett, Casilear, Hubbard, Colman, Huntington, Durand, David Johnson, Hill, Bierstadt, Wilde, Gay, Wordsworth, Thompson, Gerry, Ordway and many others of much talent and keen observation. In association with these men of diverse opinion, one's mind grew broader and more charitable.

A word of description somewhat in detail, is appropriate here.

The dome of Mount Washington is perhaps the highest point of land east of the Rocky Mountains and the Mississippi River, or if not so it has together with its brothers of the Presidential Range more of the true characteristics of Alpine formation and architecture than any other. Its scarred, weather-beaten masses, seen from a near point of view, are grandly impressive. One fully realizes the sense of grandeur

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given by the precipitous rocky crags, tumbling cascades, the ragged slides from Webster and Willey and all the phenomena of savage nature here seen.

Near the gate of the notch stands the Crawford House and almost in front of it is the pretty sheet of water called Saco Lake, for from it pours out the little stream called the Saco River. It makes its way through the narrow defile of the gate of the notch, struggling by the huge masses of boulders which threaten to choke its progress down the steep way to the broader reaches below. Three hundred feet above its bed and along the rough sides of Mounts Willard and Willey is built with cunning craft the Maine Central Railroad.

The trip over the road to the first town below, Bartlett, is a thrilling experience and savors of terrors and awe to persons of timid nature. But no accidents have occurred to the thousands of travellers of every season. The Saco receives great accessions to its volume from the cascades that come leaping down the sides of the great cliffs, and soon becomes quite formidable in its rapid progress onward. After leaving Bartlett the wild element vanishes and the river flows through bright green fields and by lessening heights. But still the views are full of charm



NORTH CONWAY MEADOWS.



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and the richly-wooded slopes are an unfailing delight to the eye.

On reaching lower Bartlett the view to the south, embracing the noble Moat Mountain, and the grand old Kearsarge, is a grand compensation for the loss of the austere ruggedness of the Notch now left behind. After passing Glen station we reach Intervale where the valley broadens into delightful reaches of velvety green fields, dotted with swaying elms and maples in picturesque groups. This view from Intervale can not be surpassed for living, glowing beauty by anything in New England. It is simply a perfect picture. Mount Washington and its lesser companions of the great mountain range are sufficiently far away to give them the charms of atmosphere and color, varying with almost every moment. This view has been painted many times and by artists too of great distinction, but never has the ideal been realized. Its elusive charm can not be fully grasped.

As we still follow the Saco, soon North Conway comes in view, the valley perceptibly widening, the river flowing placidly by the fertile fields of grain and corn. Many years ago, perhaps thirty-two or thirty-three years, in anterailroad days North Conway and its surroundings was vastly different from what the tourist finds

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it today. The Kearsarge House was then in a state of transition from the humble wayside inn to its present liberal proportions. The Washington House was at its highest point of evolution, from the simple tavern kept by Daniel Eastman. Then the McMillan House had just started on its successful and honorable career. Then Jackson was a small suburb of North Conway and only visited by fishermen who sometimes got a meal or lodging at the Trickey Tavern, where, also, the coaches from the Glen House stopped to dine. Then most of the visitors to the Mountains came by coach from Centre Harbor, a weary ride of forty miles.

Now, through the tact and genius of Gen. Marshall Wentworth, Jackson has been transformed from its former insignificance into what might be called one of the most fascinating resorts in the mountain region. This has attracted hither many cottagers and pleasant houses are springing up in great numbers. Among the most quaint and pleasing of these is the one just finished and furnished by Mr. Frank H. Shapleigh, the artist. He calls his cottage "Maple Knoll" and it is situated just back of the Jackson Falls House, but is higher and farther up the road so the outlook towards the south includes the fine outline of the Moat and the lovely valley below.

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The cottage is unique in architecture, painted in a soft gray tone which harmonizes pleasantly with near surrounding foliage. But the great attraction of it all is the manner in which Mr. Shapleigh has furnished the interior. It is like a great museum of curios brought from most quarters of the world and placed in delightful confusion in every nook and corner of the artistically arranged rooms. He has a natural love for the surroundings, of the furniture of past days, the quaint old bits our grandfather delighted in, and knows how to select what is most artistic and beautiful. But with all this the house is full of comfort and convenience. And he must be a happy man to think he has surrounded himself with so much that is quaint and beautiful, and I know him well enough to believe that he is.

XXIII.

**I**N the year 1855, the Boston Art Club was founded. I was one of the party of architects, artists and sculptors who met in the rooms of Mr. F. D. Williams, on Tremont Row, to formulate a plan. A constitution and by-laws were adopted, and Joseph Ames was elected president. The election was for one year only. Everything was done in a small way, but we had sociable, pleasant meetings.

The second year I was made president. At this time, Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler was giving readings from Shakespeare in Tremont Temple. Learning from some source that we were in need of funds, she announced that if the club wished it she would give a reading for its benefit. This she did, and the hall was filled with our friends to listen to her rendering of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." This reading realized for the club the munificent sum of \$1200, and put us on our feet.

The artists, feeling that we owed a debt of gratifude to the great actress, decided that each one should contribute a little picture to be bound

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in a handsome volume, and presented to her as a recognition of her kindness. This was done, and it became my pleasing duty, in company with Mr. Edward Cabot, to call upon the lady and present the volume. She was very gracious and courteous, receiving us without formality, and sang a song to please us, and made us feel at home. This reception was not in accordance with our preconceived ideas of her brusqueness of manner.

The club was moved into some well-appointed rooms on Essex Street, where there was fine light for exhibition purposes. We had arranged a very pleasant show of pictures, when a misfortune suddenly came upon us. During the time between Saturday night and Monday morning some one entered the rooms and carried off thirteen paintings. The club, feeling responsible for the loss, thought it best to make a small remuneration to each artist suffering. We had our suspicions as to the burglar, but the pictures were gone, and were never traced. We also gave a course of lectures on art. James Russell Lowell gave the first, and it was my duty to introduce him to the audience. He was then in the prime of his manhood, and was a handsome man, with genial manners.

The club now languished for several years,

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but after a time new life was introduced by adding many lay members to the club, gentlemen interested in art matters, and a new era commenced. We took new rooms on Boylston Street, and from that period the club flourished, and enlarged its sphere of usefulness.

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### XXIV.

SINCE writing the preceding chapters, some six years since, I have not had cause to change my views in regard to the status of American art at the present time. I think there has been a great advance all along the line, during this comparatively short period. The impressionists have greatly modified their intense peculiarities, and we no longer see chrome yellows and greens in opposition to diabolical purples and blues, causing one to shudder and hold his breath. In fact I believe that the extreme fad has gone by, not to be resuscitated.

That this impressionistic school has been productive of great good, we are all willing to admit. It has taught the younger artists to look after simplicity and breadth, to attempt the luminous qualities seen in out-of-door study and which are so difficult to express. But why should all paintings be pitched upon the highest possible key? The gravity and freshness of Troyon are happily combined, and the eye is charmed with the healthy qualities he employed in his work. Others of the earlier French painters worked on similar lines, men like Jules Duprez, Marilhat, Flers and others.

Speaking of Marilhat, two pictures of his

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made a strong impression upon me. One canvas showed a desert of almost unlimited space and nothingness, as it were. But the imagination could play all sorts of freaks in it. Across this almost interminable space, a camel and rider pursued their trackless way, and the beholder might never tell from whence they came or their destination. The other was a crepuscule on the Nile. This was a most poetic picture, full of the feeling of the hour, full of light and delicate gradation. The group of buffaloes entering the water added piquancy to the whole.

Constable did not often work on a high key. Most of his paintings (and I saw many of them at the Kensington Museum) were on a low key, and as rich in tone as the pictures of Troyon. It is said even that Troyon, Diaz and others visited London to study Constable's work. Constable was perhaps the first to cast off the shackles of the old school, and trust to the inspiration nature gave him.

The British artist, however, is very insular, and, a few years ago, would not recognize anything outside of the island. Haydon, the high art painter, made a hasty trip to Paris, to see what was being done there. On his return he wrote a book on the result of his visit. Speaking of Horace Vernet, he said, his (Vernet's)

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canvases were miles long, and that he rode on a fiery steed, slashing on paint as he galloped by.

Horace Vernet had great facility. He studied an object intently but briefly. He had then mastered its detail, and he was able to keep it in his mind until called for. For instance, wishing to paint the skin of an ox just slain, he studied it carefully for a few moments, then went back to his canvas and completed it in a short time, with all its peculiarities of local color—and certainly it has all appearance of close study. This bit I have often noticed in one of his immense canvases at Versailles. Delaroche married a daughter of Vernet. One day Vernet said to a friend, speaking of his son-in-law : “Delaroche fais ce quil veut—moi je fais ce que je peut.” This only showed the different mental qualities of two great painters.

I am very often asked to say what I think of Sargent's paintings, not only by artists but by persons having no pretensions to art culture. These persons are evidently expecting an adverse opinion. Now it is not pleasant to find fault with the work of such a man as Sargent—one of the most facile and brilliant painters of his day. But perhaps the very brilliancy of his technique might lead him to do things which he might otherwise wish to avoid. Il a de l'audace, tou-

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jours de l'audace ! And he can not bring himself to work with the painstaking care of a Vandyke or a Velasquez.

But is it not possible to evolve strong character and strong modeling and rich color from careful work and fine drawing ? I cannot but think so, and there are Vandyke's paintings today commanding the admiration of the world ! The English nobles are proud to possess a canvas by him, as are all the sovereigns of Europe.

If we could visit Antwerp today we could see one of the greatest exhibitions of portraiture ever seen together in one place. In three hundred years from this will the princes and kaisers of the time (if there are any) bring out their Sargents and honor them in the same enthusiastic way they do the Vandykes today ?

I beg Mr. Sargent's pardon for these reflections but everyone has a right to his notions, and he may never see this. The critics accept his work and find nothing but praise for it. In fact he has but few competitors and perhaps no superiors today on either side of the Atlantic. The portraits of the older English school of portrait painters are in vogue at present, and are eagerly bought up by dealers and speculators for the American market, and some of them, notably portraits by Reynolds, Gainsboro, Rae-

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burn, Opie and others, are truly splendid bits of character and show beautiful flesh tints and fine modeling. Stuart painted his great pictures on the same key, only perhaps with more suavity of manner and grace of handling. We are proud of him today, and look upon him as our greatest portrait painter.

Elihu Vedder is, to my mind, one of the greatest American artists of today. He has an independent way all his own. He was not educated in France, nor in any especial school, but his thoughts are lofty and his imagination rare, and it is no wonder that he chooses to remain in Rome, surrounded, as he is there, by the classic atmosphere of the grand old city.

One word for Francis Alexander and I will inflict no more on the readers who have followed me thus far. Alexander was a man gifted beyond most mortals. He began his career in a small country place with no idea of drawing, but with such pigments as he could find he produced heads of very remarkable qualities. After coming to Boston and seeing the works of Allston and Stuart, his ideas broadened and he became a brilliant and successful artist. A head of himself, painted many years ago, and exhibited in the old Atheneum gallery, in Pearl Street, when I was a boy, impressed me much.

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It is now in the possession of William Willard the artist, and seeing it in later years has not caused me to change my opinion of it.

I end my task here trusting some of my readers may have followed me with interest, and found some good in what I have written.

THE END.









Art. B  
C

Champney, Benjamin  
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